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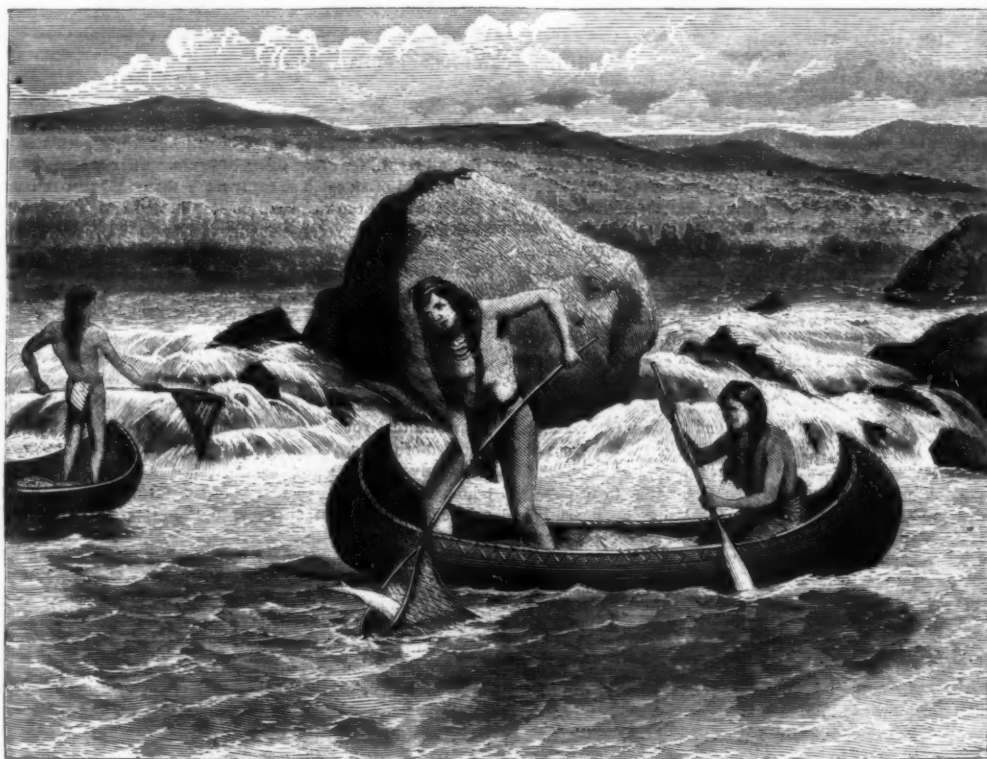
GLIMPSES OF INDIAN LIFE.

IV.

FISHING FOR SALMON ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

THE Columbia River, Oregon, and all its tributaries, are remarkable for their plentifulness of white-fish and salmon. In truth, persons who have never witnessed the extraordinary quantity of fish

very head-waters of the Columbia River. The young fry pass to the sea in October, when they are nearly as large as herrings. Different species of salmon have their special localities, and the Indians by a casual glance will tell correctly in what particular part of the interior



CATCHING SALMON ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

which at certain seasons of the year crowd the streams of our unsettled country, cannot understand their superabundance by any verbal description.

The salmon enter the mouth of the Columbia in May, and work their way up the stream in immense schools for the distance of twelve hundred miles, often being found in the month of September at the

waters of the continent the salmon were spawned. The same thing is true of the peculiarities of shad; a very little observation will enable any intelligent person to select from an indiscriminate pile of shad those which are from the Potomac, the Delaware, the Connecticut, or the Hudson Rivers. Each stream stamps its locality upon its finny occupants, the result of a beautiful and wonderful law of



KILLING THE SNOW-BOUND MOOSE.

animated Nature. These fish constitute the chief subsistence of the many thousand Indians who reside in the northern part of our continent, besides affording an abundant supply for all the white people of Oregon and California, and furnishing immense quantities for exportation—the recent triumphs of railroad travel across the continent making Columbia-River salmon (equal to the best Kennebec) quite common in the fish-markets of New York and the Western cities.

To the Indian of the West the salmon have ever been looked upon as a direct blessing from the Great Spirit; they have always been associated in their simple minds with the herds of buffalo that throng the plains. To them the land and the sea were crowded with the evidences of the beneficence of an all-wise Providence. Up to twenty-five years ago it is probable that the few white men inhabiting the Pacific coast, out of respect to the traditions of the Indians, and from fear of exciting their enmity, had never taken a salmon from their native haunts. The Indians, while they would not let the poor white man fish at all, would not permit even themselves to fish for salmon on their first appearance, lest they should show an unmanly and undignified haste in appropriating the blessing. The fish were allowed to pass inland for several days without being molested, and, for three weeks after their arrival, would not be desecrated by being made articles of traffic. Until recently, or in their primitive state, the Indians never ate a salmon without first taking out the heart, which they carefully concealed about their persons until they had a chance to burn it. They believe that if the heart, which is considered sacred, were eaten by a dog, or otherwise defiled, the fish would never return to their haunts to comfort and bless them.

In the fishing-season, a favorite place for securing the coveted game is at the foot of some gentle fall or other obstruction, where the fish, interrupted in their progress inland, will often pile upon each other until those on the surface are crowded upon the land. With a simple hand-net, they will in a few hours load down their canoes, each specimen of which would create a sensation if served upon the tables of our most ambitious metropolitan hotels. The red-men of Oregon, corrupted by their contact with the whites, are already losing respect for their traditions, some of which were of a refining nature, and evidently the inspiration of a gentle spirit. Their regard for the salmon, the reverence in which they held its appearance, their days of ab-

stinence from its consumption, were all healthful and refining; but now those of the tribes who deal with the white people have already lost all regard for every thing but gain. They are wasteful of abundance, and often catch so many more than they can sell or consume that the air in the vicinity becomes infected with the pestilence reeking from their uselessly-slaughtered bodies.

THE SNOW-SHOE MOOSE HUNT.

The moose is one of the largest animals inhabiting the North-American Continent. The impression it makes at first sight is that of enormous size, the body and limbs appear awkwardly put together, surmounted by a misshapen head, bereft of all grace of form, but carrying a wealth of antlers, which branch out and tower upward, like the dead limbs of some blasted tree. On further examination, you find that your first impressions were wrong; for, as you study the animal critically, you are gradually impressed with the evidences that his body and legs give of enormous power. You see in the thick neck how necessary it is to carry the large head and enormous antlers, which frequently in sweeping upward present their tips six feet apart.

If the animal moves, you are filled with admiration at the immense reach and high step, and perceive how perfectly the unattractive legs are made to carry the body with speed and easy transition, not only on the plain, but over the fallen timber which so wastefully covers the ground of his favorite haunts. And at last you are forced to the conclusion that the wisdom of Providence is wonderfully displayed in the shape and appearance of what was first pronounced an unattractive and ungainly animal. Inhabiting the more northern regions of the continent, where at least half of the year the earth is covered with snow, the moose finds himself persecuted by wild beasts and wilder men, who take advantage of the season to drive the animal into the drifts, where he becomes a comparatively easy capture. So long as the earth is uncovered, save by vegetation, the moose roams tolerably free from his innumerable enemies. Possessed in an eminent degree of the keen scent peculiar to the family of the deer, he literally snuffs danger afar off, and flies from threatening harm. Upon the smooth plain a very ostrich in speed, among the vast and tangled wrecks left by the tornado and the storm he moves with equal ease, his spreading horns brushing aside obtruding limbs, and his long

legs and overreaching steps finding no obstruction to his progress in the prostrated wrecks of the giant trees of the Northern wilds.

But, when snow lies deep on the earth, the moose finds his heavy body and long legs destructive of all speed. Under these circumstances he paws away the snow or shovels it aside with his palmated horns, and finds in the lichens and mosses, that keep green and tender on the surface of the earth, abundant subsistence. He has no occasion to make long journeys, and the difficulties of travelling do not interfere with his procuring food. But woe to the poor animal now if he scents the pursuing hunter; conscious that he is taken at an advantage, he seems paralyzed with fear, and stands trembling and distressed at the very contemplation of the hopeless struggle that is opening before him.

The hunter in the mean time is approaching. He is guided by unfailing signs in his search for his game, less quickly communicative than the delicate scent of the moose, but not less certain in their final result. The hunter walks over the lightly-packed snow as if it were the solid earth. Where the drift lies, with its surface trembling as if composed of eider-down, the hunter finds firm footing; he seems to be borne in the air by some invincible power; but there is no miracle in the fact that he does not sink in the unimpacted snow. Upon his feet are snow-shoes, resembling in shape a boy's kite. Their framework is made of light, strong wood, about three feet in length, being nearly a perfect oval in shape. Stretched upon this frame is a delicate wicker-work, made of strips of the moose-deer's hide. This contrivance is ingeniously bound to the bottom of the foot by "lacets" around the ankle and instep, and thus shod the hunter traverses the surface of the snow-covered wilds with very little inconvenience.

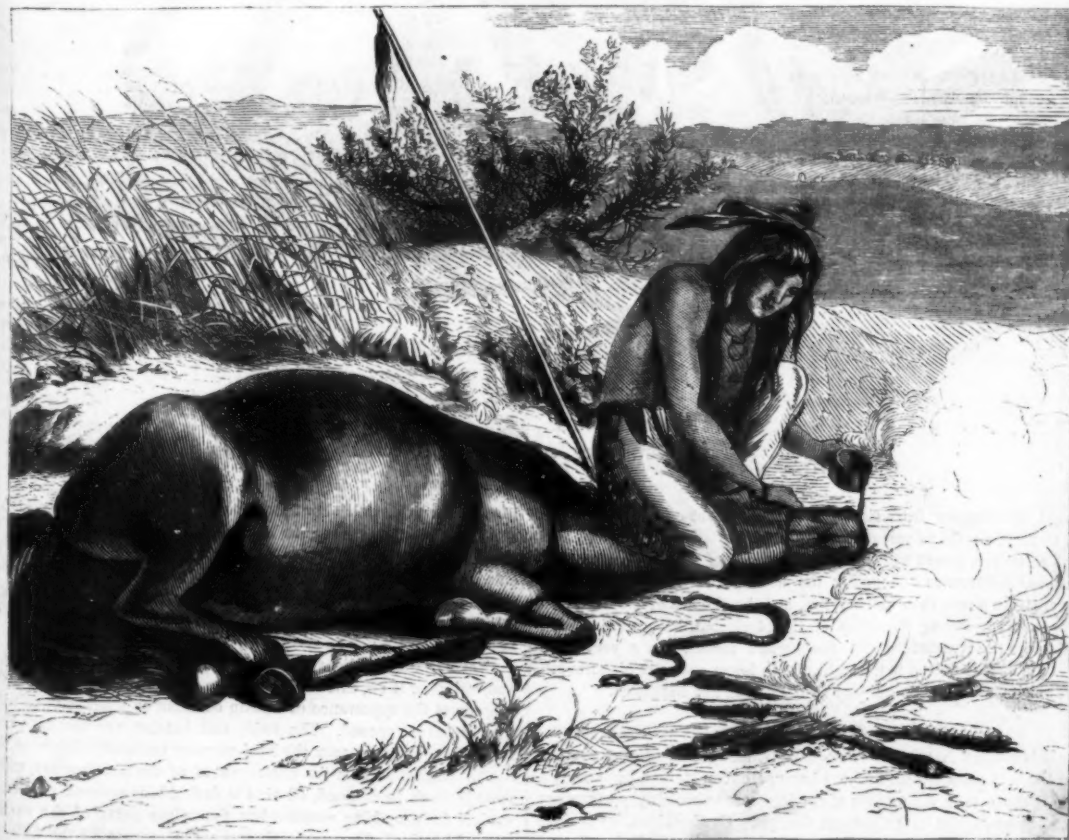
Thus provided to make speedy headway, and armed with a spear upon a shaft some eight or ten feet long, the Indian hunter finally approaches the moose. The animal has made an extensive clearing, and piled up the snow around his feeding-ground like the walls of a fortification. Upon sight the Indian exultantly yells to alarm the animal; the ef-

fect is thoroughly accomplished, for the creature bounds over the barrier which encloses him, and in another instant is knee-deep in the drifts. For a short distance, under the circumstances, he makes astonishing headway; but every successive effort deprives him of his strength, and soon the perspiration starts reeking from his sides, and a thick mist surrounds him. Conscious that the fatal moment has arrived, the animal comes to bay.

The hunter's work is now really accomplished; the passage at thrust and defence is of short duration; for a moment or more the moose parries the fatal lance with his antlers; from exhaustion and terror, his large, meaning eyes assume a look that is full of human intelligence; his hair is turned toward his head, and he seems to have changed into a very fury. This demonstration acts momentarily as a pleasurable excitement upon the hunter, who accepts the apparent challenge, and risks his life by carelessly coming within the reach of the sweeping antlers. Every effort at defence or escape only sinks the poor animal deeper and deeper in the snow, and at last, helpless and exhausted, he dies from a fatal thrust. There is but little glory, even among the Indians, accorded to the successful snow-shoe hunt of the moose. There is some woodcraft displayed in tracing up the game to his retreat, but there is no danger to the hunter in the final conflict, no struggle that challenges admiration. It is work performed to procure food, to sustain a hard and most profitless life.

CURING THE RATTLESNAKE-BITE.

The North-American Indian has a specific remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake, and is thus generally prepared to meet a danger always threatening and difficult to guard against. It is a thing noticeable to the least observing traveller on the Plains that, wherever the rattlesnake is very abundant, there is sure to be growing in its vicinity a common-looking plant denominated "black-root." This vegetable substance is always kept in the Indian's pouch; wherever he goes, he is provided with this invaluable root, and, by its charming and won-



CURING THE RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.

derful effects, he is comparatively indifferent to the bite of the rattlesnake.

The horse has instinctively a disposition to examine closely any thing that attracts his attention along the road he is travelling. An old horse learns from experience, and will carefully avoid what recalls danger. For this reason the veteran will show signs of nervousness when he comes even within the strong aromatic scent peculiar to the snake. But the inexperienced animal, in accordance with his unsophisticated nature, will thrust his nose toward what surprises him, and follow the action with a strong puff of wind through his nostrils. The rattlesnake, always on guard, offended by this apparent attack, instantly darts his fangs into the delicate membranes of the horse's nose. The animal starts back, as if conscious that some great misfortune has overtaken him. In a few moments his sight becomes

belly; after the skin is removed, the carcass is split in twain; then follows the detailed work of disjoining the quarters and cutting up the ribs.

Now, the Indian on the Plains kills the buffalo-bull, whose enormous weight is equal to that of a stalled ox. He has no machinery for hoisting the heavy body in the air, and no substitute for heavy cleavers except his light hatchet and lighter knife. With all these disadvantages, the savage does his work scientifically and well, and has from time immemorial probably cut up the carcasses of the "monster of the Plains" with a neatness, dispatch, and in the best possible way for the purpose designed, in a manner that would command admiration from a Fulton-Market butcher "of the olden time."

From the somewhat peculiar structure of the buffalo, and the



INDIAN METHOD OF CUTTING UP THE BUFFALO.

glazed, he staggers from side to side, and, if not cured, would soon die or be subjected to years of suffering.

The Indian, armed with his black-root, treats the matter with professional indifference. Hopping the unfortunate animal, he throws the creature down, then builds a fire, and, by the aid of his drinking-cup, makes a strong decoction of the black root, bathes the wound, and pours the remainder down the horse's throat. In a very short time the subtle poison is neutralized, the horse recovers his strength and spirits, and goes on his way as if nothing had happened.

CUTTING UP THE BUFFALO.

It is evident that, while savage and civilized people agree upon what are the best parts for food of the bovines, circumstances have made a great difference in the manner of cutting these animals up, preparatory to being consigned to the pot and the spit. Our butchers, by the aid of machinery, hoist the dead body of the ox with heels in air, and proceed to take off the hide by making the first incision under the

liberal growth of hair about the shoulders and forelegs, when he falls on the prairie the chances are equal that he will die resting on his chest instead of on his side. If this is not the case, the Indian, aided, but with much exertion, can bring the body to an upright position. This accomplished, he proceeds to cut it up, and it is wonderful, considering the simple appliances used, how easy seems to be the task.

Reversing the ordinary method, he cuts the skin down the back, and, stripping it off, extends it upon the ground in such a manner that it assumes the appearance of a satin covering or blanket upon which the carcass is exposed. The knife and hatchet are now called into requisition, and very soon the hind-quarters are neatly disjoined, then the six large ribs, then the choice parts of the fore-quarters, and, if meat is much in demand, all that is desirable is secured. When the work is done, nothing remains but the refuse parts of the carcass, over which the Indian reverently turns the corners of the hide, and leaves them to be the prey of the buzzards and the wolves.

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GEORGINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

THE front windows of the house of Woldemar, the young doctor in philosophy and natural science, looked out upon the quiet street of a North-German university-town, while the south side was bounded by the grounds of the college; so that, when Georgine sat with her sewing in the bay-window on the left, she could see her brother as he entered and left the building where he gave his special courses of lectures. He had just celebrated his thirtieth birthday, and for ten years, since the death of his father, a distinguished professor in the university, he had occupied himself in this way. He possessed an independent property, and was enthusiastically devoted to the science of botany, which he had ample leisure to pursue according to his liking. His mother had died when he was quite a child. The large garden with its aged lindens extended to the river's bank, and the terrace, shaded by the great acacia-tree, was the favorite seat in summer of the brother and sister. Woldemar seldom went out, and had only a few acquaintances; his sister, none. They seemed engrossed with each other and their own pursuits, and regarded all visitors and engagements abroad as an intrusion upon their contented and quiet life. And in Fräulein Georgine there was something so distant and reserved, and she had acquired such a formidable reputation as a blue-stocking, that no one was specially inclined to visit her. No flowers bloomed at her window, no bird twittered in its cage, no dog, not even a cat, was suffered in this little jewel of a house; but, instead, there was a large bookcase, filled with classic authors, opposite the Fräulein's work-table, and on her large writing-desk were several microscopes, a case of instruments for the dissection of plants, and a small flower-press. A piano, scrupulously kept free from every speck of dust, stood against the wall; but it was now never opened. Over the piano hung a picture covered with a green-silk curtain, the portrait of a young girl in a light-blue dress, with a rose in her bosom, a face of pure classic outlines, of dignified and yet attractive expression. This was Georgine—but Georgine as she was, when she was called the most beautiful girl in G—, the queen of all balls, and the preferred partner of the young Prince Hugo, who was then a student at the university.

How different were those times from the present, people said. Then there were music and dancing parties almost every day, merry picnics in the woods, and a simple white dress, and a veil on the head, were sufficient for the most complete toilet. Every pretty girl had some admirer among the students, with whom she danced the first dance as a matter of course, whose arm she took as they sauntered through the wood, and almost every evening there was a little time spent at some fair one's window, which was fragrant with flowers. Georgine received the title of "empress," and was the special object of the prince's attention, bearing herself, however, like an empress, and, as if it were an act of most gracious favor, to extend to him the tips of her fingers. But the proud beauty had changed since that time when she was beaming with merriment and happiness, though even now her face had such a striking expression, that persons, as she passed along the street, would look round at her again, with a silent benediction. At that time the doctor was a lad, and Prince Hugo had often to wait when he went to escort her to some festival, until she had gone over the lessons with her brother, or heard him say his prayers. At that time the picture was painted, and it was said that there were two portraits taken, one for the old professor and one for the young prince. Then various stories were current of the father's strictness, the daughter's inexorable firmness and pride, the lover's devotion, and his recall home by the old prince, his father. Two years afterward the princely youth was married to a princess of the blood, but died many years before his father, leaving no heir to the title and the petty principality.

No one perceived any change in Georgine, except that she looked paler and had a strange, hard expression about the mouth, and devoted herself exclusively to her little brother, dividing her time between her father's study and Woldemar's room. She declined several advantageous offers of marriage, as she said, on her brother's account. As the years went by she remained alone, and her beauty became a tale of by-gone years. Was it grief that so early dimmed the brightness of her eyes, paled her cheek, and streaked with silver threads her luxuriant hair? No one knew her feelings—not even her

father. She learned Latin and Greek with her brother, took an interest in all his pursuits, and even went with him upon his botanical excursions. When he was at the university, she read his college notes, studied the same books, and learned all the students' songs. No expression of tenderness on his part gave her greater pleasure than to be called "his good comrade." Through this intercourse Woldemar was withdrawn almost entirely from the society of girls of his own age, and gradually came to entertain a sovereign contempt for all the laughing, fluttering creatures whose thoughts were taken up with a new dress, a waltz, or, at the best, a few love-verses. He went seldom into society; and yet, in external appearance, in manners, and in mental powers and acquirements, he was fitted to play no unimportant part in the social world.

"I shall never marry," said he often to his sister, "for I shall require a companion like you, and I know I shall never find one. You may rest assured of me, for I could never love a woman different from you, and all women are so different."

How proudly happy she felt to hear him speak thus! The fountain of love in her woman's heart gushed up in clear, fresh streams, and Woldemar returned her tender affection.

"He shall feel the need of no other companion," she would say to herself. "Who could love him so disinterestedly as I? No wife on earth!"

After their father's death the bond of affection drew them yet more closely together, and they became from year to year indispensable to each other's happiness, so that Georgine congratulated herself more and more that nothing but the grave could interrupt this union.

A few days after Woldemar's thirtieth birthday, however, a something did interrupt this united life, and Georgine felt that she had no right to interpose any obstacle. The young professor was appointed, by the university, botanist to a scientific expedition to South America. For years it had been the fond dream of his heart to see strange lands and collect strange plants. How often had he been wholly absorbed in the description of those wonders of the vegetable world which he might now behold with his own eyes! A sweet intoxication seemed to flood his being, as at the sight of the first rose on a bright spring-day. He wondered how he had been able to endure so long, year after year, his monotonous life. He had wasted so many years! Georgine could not say a word; she would spare him at least the pain of knowing how sad she felt. She would bravely gain the victory over the three heavy years of lonely separation. In four weeks, Woldemar was to set out on his journey, and they fled like four days in the midst of the various preparations, visits, and necessary arrangements. Of these three years he spoke as if they were a single hour, and not three times three hundred and sixty-five days and three times three hundred and sixty-five nights of loneliness and separation. A woman counts in this way; a man says three years.

It was the last evening before Woldemar's departure, and brother and sister sat together in the study. The window looking into the garden was open, and the acacia sent in its fragrant farewell. The night was sultry and starless, dark as the heart of the woman whose eyes hung with an expression of deep, ardent love upon the man who sat at his writing-table busily engaged in making some last notes. He raised his head, caught his sister's look, and then, putting the papers aside, threw his arm around his faithful companion.

"How pale you are!" said he, in a tone of anxious love; "I hope you will not be very sad, my brave comrade! Think of the letters which you, and only you, will receive from me, and which will go through your hands before they reach the scientific world, and which will make the name of your own beloved famous! Is not this some little consolation?"

She only nodded. At this moment there was no consolation for her, nothing to drive away the thought, "You will be three long years in this room without him!" And, as it often happens that a trifling thing will cause the long-repressed feelings to burst irresistibly forth, her eye now suddenly caught sight of his faded student's cap which hung near the window, and which he often wore in the garden. With one long, heart-rending cry, she threw herself upon his bosom and wept, wept unrestrainedly. He only drew her more closely to himself, and when, like a tired child, she let her head fall upon his shoulder, he softly stroked her hair.

She had not wept for years, not since the time when her tears fell upon the ruby ring sent in the letter from the capital, informing her

of his death; and now, again, scalding tears fell upon this ring, as she wept for the present and the past, for the living and the dead.

Thus they sat for a long time, and she seemed to wake up suddenly as from a terribly-mournful dream, when he again began to speak:

"I want to make one parting request of you, Georgine. Will you grant it?"

"Certainly, my darling!"

Her wearied thoughts could not imagine what she would not do for him.

"I cannot and will not bear the thought that you are here alone; it will torment, disturb, disquiet me, and you would not have this so, I am sure. You must have some one with you, some human being who will care for you."

She shook her head. "I have no friend, as you well know, and a stranger I cannot endure. I don't want any one to care for me. I do not weep because I shall be alone, Woldemar; I only weep that I shall have nothing to do but to wait for your return. I should like to go to sleep, and sleep the three years away. But to be obliged to eat and drink, and dress, day after day, and you not here—" Tears stopped her utterance.

"Then take some child to be with you, for whom you must care. Write to old Aunt Anna; she will certainly be glad to let you have the charge of the poor orphan Lulu for a time."

"Lulu? How old is she?"

"Let me think; Paul died eight years ago, and his wife two years afterward—the girl is not more than thirteen, certainly. And, perhaps, it would be a blessing to the child to take her for a time away from the whimsical old lady. When I visited her mother that vacation, the girl was a merry little thing; I'm really sorry for her."

"I will do as you wish; Lulu may come!"

"Let me write now!" he entreated.

She moved the paper and ink toward him, and he wrote at once. She looked at him with tearful eyes, thinking that it was for the last time.

"Oh, that I were a man!" she burst forth, as her brother sealed the letter; "oh, this unprofitable life of a woman!"

"You would not then be half so much to me as you are now, Georgie," said he, smiling; "in that case, I should have married long ago. What is called love, I can do without; but not without a woman near me, that is to say a woman such as you are."

"You won't bring back a rival to me?" asked she, half jestingly and half in earnest.

"Certainly I will, and more than one. For I am going where your most dangerous rivals live—thousands of them—those bright-eyed, wondrous flowers."

"Well, I'll welcome all the dried ones, Woldemar!"

"All, I think, my dear comrade! There has always been one longing desire in my soul which you could not satisfy, and now that desire is to be appeased, and then, I belong to you forever. Let us go once more into the garden, I want to take with me a cluster of acacia-blossoms such as we laid on our father's and mother's coffin." How often, when the beloved one was far away, did Georgine think of that hour in the garden under the old acacia-tree, as arm-in-arm they walked up and down the broad path, recalling the buried past! Then she confessed to him her heart's secret, her sorrows and struggles, how her whole soul was devoted to the handsome princely youth, and yet how much stronger her pride had been, and how, in her sleepless nights and lonely days, she had felt that she would be glad to be his lowest servant if she could only see his face and hear his voice. This was their real leave-taking—here, under the acacia, as she leaned on his breast and felt his tears upon her brow. She had confessed to him that, since those days of early love, her heart had become dry and parched, and one green and fresh spot alone was left, her love for him, her brother. The next day, as his form disappeared from her sight at the end of the street, she threw herself upon her couch, overcome by an anguish greater than even her energetic will.

But habit and custom lay their soft hands upon us all, and life in the bay-windowed house resumed its quiet round. The little Lulu arrived one day, a sprig of myrtle in one hand, and a bird-cage with a green-finch in the other. After surveying—with all the charming confidence of youth that every thing belongs to it—all the rooms, the garden, and the inmates of the house, she found herself completely at home. At first, the way she jumped down the stairs, two or three at a time, was somewhat alarming, and her song and carol, never for a

moment still, were an unusual experience in the hitherto quiet and staid household; but Georgine never thought of checking her, and the servants never complained of the torn frocks and aprons, whose rents and stains the child revealed with such a charmingly-perplexed smile, and such a mysterious injunction of secrecy. It is surprising how soon Lulu became the mistress of all their hearts, and the old Sophie even pardoned her for spilling a drop of milk on her stainless kitchen-floor in playing with her kitten, and upsetting the glass of hemp-seed, which must all be carefully picked up. There was now a cat in the house, which John had smuggled in, and also a bird-cage, myrtles, ivies, and other flowers in pots; and glasses and vases of cut-flowers from the garden were in every room. Lulu and her school-mates would often play in the garden, and Georgine gazed at them thoughtfully, as their glancing forms whirled through the trees and their merry voices struck upon her ear. She wrote to her brother, one day:

"The disquiet which Lulu brings makes me feel my loneliness much more than perfect solitude. Then you were with me; I could hear you read, bring your image before me, and see you without interruption. But now the little wild creature drives you away. I often think how hard it would be for you to have this restless, ever prattling and singing child near you! I venture to say that you would not endure it three days. You men are all so impatient, and you one of the most so, perhaps because I have spoiled you, my darling! I let Lulu go her own way, and shall, as long as she is a school-girl. After that, I hope to make something of her; but, what is to become of the child, I cannot imagine. She has no property, no practical talent, and no special tendency. Unless she takes more pains, she will never pass the teacher's examination. A marriage is not to be thought of; for I should like to see the man, at the present day, who would set up such a useless little object as a piece of luxury in his household. The teachers are all fond of her, and yet she brings home the worst reports, and persistently keeps her place at the foot of the class. I sometimes catch myself in a feeling of coldness and impatience toward her, and I have come to the conviction that in the garden of my heart only one species thrives, and that is an evergreen, *semper virens*, love for you!"

She had written thus far when Lulu appeared at the door, her kitten on her arm, and her hair down over her frolicsome face, calling, in eager tones:

"Dear cousin, do come into the bay-windowed room; we've crowned the picture of the student, and the girls want so much to see your picture under the curtain! Sweet cousin, may I just this once show it to them? See, I have made a necklace for my kitten of the same flowers as Cousin Woldemar's wreath; they are daisies, and they are sweetly becoming to both."

Georgine's brow contracted.

"I think Woldemar is too good to have a wreath of those perennials like your cat; so take the garland away at once, and go with your friends into the garden, for I forbid you to remove the curtain from the picture. Go now, dear Lulu, and put up your hair."

"But, cousin, I didn't know the flowers had such an ugly name, and that you didn't like them; with us, they are called daisies, and they are given to persons we like."

"I only wish that for the future my brother's portrait may be left without a wreath—do you hear?"

Poor Lulu rejoined her companions, who had been listening at the door, a little cast down. There was a whispering among them, some shy glances were cast by their bright eyes toward Georgine's room, and then they hid softly into the garden, where the sun was shining, the sparrows hopping about, and a blackbird pouring forth his song from the acacia now standing "in a mist of green." They laughed at the kitten that had become tangled in Lulu's loose hair, and threw grass chains and wreaths into the brook.

Woldemar wrote frequently home, and his letters were of great interest to the scientific world. He had an eye for the beautiful, and his descriptions of the wonderful flora of the New World were those of a poet as well as of a man of science. Many parts of them were for the sister alone, and she once wrote to him:

"I thank God every day that He has not bound fast your rising fame to a wife, who would say to you, 'Come home, only come home, for I love you!' I say to you, on the other hand, 'Think not of me; get all you can, and do not return until the right time comes.'"

Time passed on, and Lulu outgrew the school, changing, as in a

night, from the girl to the young lady. She sat somewhat more sedately at the window, trifled and ran up and down the scale only with her teacher of music, talked about the great poets, but showed not the slightest inclination toward history and the sciences, and confessed often that the simplest field-flower had more charms for her than the best herbarium in the world. Her dark eyes glowed at the descriptions by Woldemar of the splendid flowers he saw, and their magic fragrance; of the lofty palms, and the brilliant birds; the golden-winged insects; the sky, forever blue; and the air, soft and gentle as a mother's hand.

"A measureless longing seemed to possess me," he wrote, in one passage; "I spread out my arms, I felt as if I had wings to my soul, and yet I knew not whither to fly; I should like to have died, and yet a joyous life streamed through my veins, as never before. Ah, my dearest! these are dangers to which the wanderer under the palms is exposed, and such dreams are not healthy for me, I well know."

While Georgine was reading this aloud, Lulu sat with her head resting on her hand, and, after remaining silent for a time, she said, thoughtfully:

"It seems as if cousin had two countenances—one with a pair of spectacles, through which he stares frightfully at the flowers, so that they die with shame, and he then cold-bloodedly packs them away in his herbarium; and the other face handsome, so that the flowers all throw themselves on his breast and say, 'Take us, and do with us what you please!'"

Occasionally, packages containing a great variety of things came from Woldemar, and Lulu could not imagine why Georgine would not permit her to adorn her head with the butterflies, and trim her white dress with the beetles. Once came a beautiful, soft, shimmering piece of silk, marked, with his own hand, "For the little Lulu." On Christmas Eve, when Georgine was making up a package for the absent one, Lulu brought a small envelope, which she requested should be put into it.

"I have merely enclosed a little sprig of fir," said she.

On the outside was written:

"Come home, dear cousin! You may have palm-trees where you are, but no Christmas-tree."

Georgine hesitated a moment whether she should send this "childish message;" but she finally put in the envelope, and so the little fragrant pine-twig took its journey from the cold north to the burning south.

About six months after this, Woldemar was on his way home. Georgine had begun to count the days before he would arrive with a proud exultation of heart; but this happiness, instead of making her more sympathizing and communicative, seemed to shut her up in a still closer reserve. The whole house was arranged as for a festival, and Woldemar's room was put in precisely the same condition as it had been when he went away. All the periodicals in which his letters were printed were placed on the little table in the order of their numbers, and near them the different reports upon the results of the expedition.

Georgine sat in the twilight at the open window on the balmy spring evening; a nightingale sang in the garden below; and who can wonder that the human heart should silently dream of its own lost spring? Georgine suddenly awoke from her reverie, stood up, looked around, drawing a deep sigh, and called for a light. Where had she been? At the same instant she saw that Woldemar's student's cap was not in the place where it usually hung. This must be one of Lulu's tricks! She turned toward the door to call her, when the door opened, some one stepped quickly in, two strong arms were thrown around her, and a voice called her affectionately by name. The sister had her brother again! In a few minutes afterward, they were sitting side by side, and Georgine's head lay on Woldemar's shoulder.

"Presently I will care for your wants," whispered she, as in a dream; "I am too tired just now. What should tire me, I don't myself know. Let me rest myself a moment by your side."

"No one saw me come in; no soul knows who it is with whom you have an appointment here," he said, jestingly, as he kissed her hair.

"Have you really not brought home with you some South-Sea-Islander?" smilingly inquired she, looking up at him with eyes beaming with happiness.

"No, my own; you have me now, and forever!"

The door flew open.

"Cousin Georgine, here is the cap; here it is, wreathed with—stop, what is the name?—with *Viola canina*—is that right? This time you must not be out of humor."

And Lulu stood there, with the cap placed jauntily on her brow, in the middle of the chamber, where the light fell directly upon her, while brother and sister sat in the shade. The most finished coquetry could not have invented a more successful tableau. A dark-green closely-fitting woollen dress showed the charming, maidenly form to the greatest advantage; her delicate white hands held a large bunch of snow-drops and primroses; her dark eyes beamed with innocent joy; her lips were slightly parted with a sweet smile; and the student's cap, wreathed with violets, covered her beautiful head. It was a charming picture to look upon. Georgine said, in an unusually gentle tone:

"What a child you are, Lulu! But I think you will be a little ashamed this time, for, see, my brother is here."

She removed the lamp-shade; Woldemar rose, and went toward the maiden; Lulu uttered a slight cry, and all her flower-treasures fell at his feet.

"What a beautiful welcome, dearest Lulu!" said he, bending down to pick up the nosegay. "But let me have the cap too; I will wear that charming wreath with joy and pride."

"Does she look as you imagined?" asked his sister, placing her hand on his arm.

"Well, I had formed rather a different idea of our Lulu—wholly different, in fact," replied he, in a somewhat hesitating manner.

"I thought so," said Lulu, looking up, with a smile. "You wrote once, 'For the little Lulu,' and I am almost as tall as my cousin Georgine."

She had taken off the student's cap, and given it to him.

"Violets at last—German violets!" said he, with deep feeling, as he inhaled in long breaths their sweet fragrance.

"I believe, Cousin Woldemar, that I made a mistake; they are not called *Viola canina*, as I said just now—these Latin words are so hard to remember!—but *Viola odorata*. Isn't it so?"

"My dear little one," Georgine here laughingly interposed, "go and tell Sophie that she is again to look after her master, and that they may all come in and bid him welcome; and, then, will you attend to the tea-table, so that I may see him alone a little?"

With this she drew his arm in hers, and led him again to the sofa.

"Dear cousin, I will look after every thing!" cried Lulu, delighted with the affectionate tone of Georgine.

She ran out, and her sweet voice rang in the ear of the returned one like the clear tones of the lark, as she hastened down the stairs; but it would have fared ill with the supper, in spite of all her zeal, if the old Sophie had not kept her head, for the "little Fräulein" had lost hers entirely.

Woldemar sat silent by his sister's side, and listened to what she said. He answered her questions, and enjoyed to the full the sweet feeling of home; but, in the midst of all these questions and replies, a laughing, rosy face, in the student's cap, would appear, and a clear, sweet voice was heard, saying, "You once wrote 'little Lulu.'"

Almost three months had passed since that evening of his arrival, and brother and sister were, one beautiful summer evening, walking together in the garden. Lulu had taken a drive into the country, with one of her numerous female friends, and, for a great rarity, there were no guests and no callers at the house of the celebrated botanist. Georgine had begun to long for those quiet days when she used to be alone with her brother. If there were no scientific persons present, Lulu seemed to produce an entire change in the subjects and manner of the conversation, and Georgine wondered at the good-humor and patience of her brother as he chattered about what she considered trifles—picnic-parties, music, birds, ivies, Christmas-gifts, poems, and wedding-festivities. And what troubled Georgine the most was, that the "little one" treated Woldemar as if he were no older than herself, and seemed to stand in no awe of his learning or famous name, and often laughed and joked with him just as if he were a young student.

"I used to be afraid of him before he came," said Lulu, "because I thought he wore spectacles, and would want to give me Latin lessons, and not like it that I hadn't read 'Cosmos.' I'm so glad that I can't now put on a solemn face, because I am talking with 'a famous man.'"

She would take him off into the woods, or call him into the gar-

den to look at some wonderful flower or bird's-nest, some early cluster of grapes or richly-loaded plum-tree. Smiling, she would ask if these living wonders in his own home were not far more beautiful than all the dried-up and dead splendors of distant countries. Sometimes, when he heard Lulu at the piano, he would lay aside his pen, and say to his sister, who again asserted the old right to sit with her sewing in his study:

"We'll go into the other room—the little one is singing—you know I always had a childish fondness for hand-organs and—old popular songs."

While listening thus, many a letter to Agassiz and other correspondents would have been delayed, had not Georgine reminded him of his unfinished work.

On this summer evening we have spoken of, when they had taken a seat under the acacia on the green bank, Georgine all at once inquired:

"When is Lulu to go to the Teachers' Institute at O——? It seems to me high time—she has so much to learn yet to fit her for her future calling—she will soon be seventeen!"

Turning slowly toward his sister, Woldemar said:

"Lulu go to O——? What made you think of such a thing?"

A pain, like the sharp cut of a knife, seemed to dart through Georgine's heart.

"What objection have you to O——?" inquired she, calmly.

"None—none at all. But it seems cruel to place this joyous young girl in an atmosphere which must necessarily be so uncongenial."

"Lulu is a plant that can thrive in any soil."

"You are mistaken; she needs a uniformly warm temperature."

"Well, be that as it may, we have a sort of duty, I think, to look after her future. Old Aunt Anna writes me that she perfectly agrees with my views in regard to Lulu's becoming a teacher."

"And does Lulu, too?"

"She is too childish to have yet any definite wish or plan in reference to her future; but I think she would go to O—— without any objection."

"Let us see first what she says about it."

"What is the use of having any delays and scenes in the matter? She cannot stay here; and where shall she go, if not to O——?"

"What is the matter, Georgine? What makes you speak in this way?"

"I cannot speak any differently!" cried she, with passionate violence. "This must be put a stop to, Woldemar! I cannot live any longer in this way! Choose between us! Choose once and for all! Send her or me away—one only can remain here with you!"

"Georgine!"

"Do not look so horrified at me! I am not mad—I am no fury—I am only a woman who has suddenly lost her position and end in life. You give me up—me, the companion of many long years—me, your good comrade—me, your sister, who has loved you unselfishly, as no wife will ever love you—and this for a child, who can and will give you no more than that flower which you have just plucked—

'Fragrance which for the moment lasts'—

no more! And for this you give up all this love, this mutual help, these common interests and memories! O Woldemar, how can you do it?"

Her passionate suffering gave her an expression of feminine softness which was wonderfully becoming to her. This utter prostration of one who was usually so calm and so strong shook Woldemar to the very depths of his soul. This was his doing. His poor sister was right—he had neglected her, slighted her; it used to be very different formerly; things could not remain as they were; he himself felt that he must make a choice; after this scene, it was impossible for the three to live together as before. Lulu must depart—this was his instant decision—if not to O——, at any rate she must leave the house. Georgine must not be made to suffer any longer. However little justification there was for her feeling of jealousy, he consoled himself by saying, as men usually do, she shall have no reason to complain of him. Farewell, little Lulu! It was pleasant to float along on the stream without asking whether it bore one. He would summon all his energies, work hard, forget. It seemed easy to forget now, as he stood in presence of his sister's bitter suffering. It was only to shut out a stray sunbeam, to shut the eyes to a bright phantom, to lose a sweet charm that had flashed across his path in a young maiden's form. The good comrade was right—Lulu must go.

What he said to his sister after this rapid survey in his own thought, as he drew her to his breast, he hardly himself knew; but his words calmed and consoled her. Georgine sat up, and, as if loosed from a heavy spell, heaved a deep sigh. What they said to each other, no one has reported; but, about two weeks after that, a friend of Lulu's deceased mother, the widow of Colonel von Z——, wrote such an affectionate letter to her godchild, the little Lulu, and so earnestly begged her to make her a long visit, that there was no excuse for declining the invitation.

In the interval of a week, however, between the acceptance of the invitation and the departure, a perceptible change took place in the lively maiden; her step became slower, her merry singing ceased, her rosy cheeks were a shade paler, and her smile constrained. She packed up only what was absolutely necessary, saying: "I shall not stay for the winter." She committed her birds and her flowers very solemnly to her cousin Woldemar's charge—"Until I return," were her words.

At last the carriage stood at the door to convey the little Lulu to the nearest railway-station. Three of her dearest friends were sitting inside waiting for her, and the rest were already at the station to bid her good-by. The young maiden, in her drab travelling-dress and little plaid cloak, entered the sitting-room, carrying in her hand the round hat with its beautiful gray-and-red parrot's wing from South America.

"Dear Cousin Georgine," said she, in a hesitating voice, "I wanted to ask you to let me take 'Cosmos' with me; I wish to read it at my godmother's when I am alone."

Georgine smiled, and went into her brother's study in order to get the book.

"Good-by, Cousin Woldemar!" and her little trembling hand was extended toward him. "Shall I not come back here? I think I should die, if—if I should never see again the bird, and the myrtle, and the ivy, and the bay-window, and all that I love!"

He took Lulu's hand in both of his, and whispered:

"Yes, Lulu; you shall see them all again; you shall once more be my sister's faithful companion—"

The entrance of Georgine interrupted him.

"Good-by, till I see you again!" repeated he, in a firm and affectionate tone.

Then he bent down, and kissed her trembling hand. The maiden's face glowed, and a thrill passed over her whole form; but she said nothing further, and, clasping Georgine in her arms, she burst into tears. Without looking at him again, she loosed her hold and hurried down the steps. Woldemar went to the window—one shy glance up at the bay-window, and the gray house lay in deep shadow.

It was Christmas-week—that blessed time of giving and receiving, that festival of love, that season of remembrance of the highest love, which, like the sun in the heavens, sends its beams upon the just and the unjust. Everywhere is that indescribable magic fragrance of evergreens, apples, wax-candles, and gingerbread, which revives the dreams of our youth, and brings up before us once more a father's smile and a mother's tone of love. But in the gray house it was all so still, with no stir and no hurry of preparation for the glad some time. The servants thought that it would be quieter even than it had been for the past years, for the master was so serious and so busy at his work; and they said that the journey had not done him much good—he was so much paler than he used to be.

"Those were cheerful times when Lulu was in the house," said the old Sophie, and the rest assented; "then there was some life, but now there is nothing going on but an overlasting reading and writing."

Lulu wrote seldom. A few days before Christmas a letter came to Georgine, from which we extract the following:

"All are very friendly to me here, and we go a great deal into society. My godmother gives me a good many pretty presents, and I have been to two balls and danced every dance. It was not so splendid as I had fancied, and yet I can't tell what could have been finer. You will be surprised, dear cousin, when I tell you that I sometimes feel pretty blue, especially at evening, and I often read in the 'Cosmos,' and then I see how stupid and ignorant I am. Late at the ball, when the old Herr von Z——, who has near here a grand country-seat, said so many nonsensical things to me about my being the wisest and prettiest creature under the sun, I could not help thinking what a useless being I am in the world, and I understand very well.

now why you should be vexed with me, dear cousin. If I could only live that time over again, and sit in the bay-windowed room and learn something. I could never bear the idea of being a governess, but now I often think seriously of it. If I could teach little children to read and write, I should be of some use. I don't deserve that any one should endure me, except perhaps the old Von Z—, who has never read 'Cosmos,' and never will read it. He has no wife, and his garden is very beautiful, and there is in it an acacia near the brook, just as there is with you. When you write, dearest cousin, do tell me whether Cousin Woldemar has taken good care of the bird, and how you all are—even John and the cat. I pray every night for the dear gray bay-windowed house, and, if my prayer is answered, I shall be the happiest maiden in the world. And shall I tell you, dear cousin, what I pray for? It is, that I may spend Christmas with my bird. This would be the highest wish of your little Lulu."

After Georgine had read the letter, she went into her brother's study. The lamp was lighted on his writing-table, but Woldemar sat by the fire, his head leaning on his hand, and in such a brown study that he did not notice his sister's entrance, until she stood by his side. She gently laid her hand on his shoulder, saying: "Here is another letter from Lulu." He raised his head and cast toward her an inquiring glance, but did not speak.

"Do you wish to read the letter?" continued Georgine, as with trembling hand she extended it toward him.

"No!" replied he, in an excited manner, as he turned away; "you can tell me what she has written—I have no time to spare, I must work—and I must, above all, have a talk with you! Can you give me the time?"

Time for him! As if her whole life, every instant of it, did not belong to him! She sat down, at once, by his side. "What is it, Woldemar?" She took his hand.

"We shall be again separated, and for a longer time than before, dearest Georgie," said he, in a hesitating voice. "I have received another offer, this time to go as botanist with an exploring expedition to Australia. It will start next month, and probably will take from four to five years. My self-sacrificing companion, my brave comrade, will not hinder me from going now any more than she did before. Lulu could then be with you again, and so it will be better for us all."

"Us all?"

"Yes, dear heart, all! You can again take delight in your brother's fame, the little one will be with her birds and her myrtles once more—and I? Well, you know well enough what a bird-of-passage I am!"

There was such a sad expression in the tone of his voice, as well as in his look, that Georgine's eyes filled with tears. But she was silent, and he went on: "I have just finished the letter accepting the offer, but I did not want to close it without consulting you."

She drew her hand slowly away from his, for she would not have him know how much she trembled. Then she said, in a voice scarcely audible: "I beg for three days' time to think of it. Don't send the letter until Christmas-day, and let not the subject be mentioned again. Don't let us trouble ourselves, and spoil our Christmas-eve."

"You are right; it will soon be here. I haven't been with you on that evening for several years!"

"Lulu wanted me, while you were away, to have a Christmas-tree. She sent you a twig! Do you remember it?" Her voice had recovered its strength and composure.

"I remember!" replied he. Ah, if Georgine could have known that this little sprig was now in his note-book, and at night was placed under his pillow! She now laid her arm on his shoulder.

"Do you recollect, Woldemar, how you used to confide to me all your wishes as to Christmas, and call me your intercessor with the Christ-child?"

He nodded assent.

"Do you recollect in what high glee you always were, and how firmly you counted upon me, and how you always got your wish—in consequence of my urgent solicitations—from the Christ-child?"

He looked into her face with a faint smile. There was an infinite tenderness in the sister's eyes as they now met his. She stroked back his hair, and her strange, painful smile cut him to the heart as she said: "It is a long, long time since you have confided to me your wish! Don't you want to try again, to see what will come of it?"

"Yes, Georgie, if we could be children again, and satisfied with some pretty playthings! Those were happy times."

"I think you men need playthings even when you are old," said she, jestingly, though her voice was trembling; "but they cost more, and are of a different kind. But, natthless, we shall have a consultation with the Christ-child. Keep a cheerful face and bright eyes! Will you not?"

He looked at her in surprise. "What do you mean, Georgie? You know that there's not much to be done with me. And, besides, I have so many preparations to make for the long—"

"What did you promise? You were not to mention the subject until Christmas."

Christmas-eye had come. For the first time for many years, not since his mother's death, had Woldemar inhaled the sweet fragrance of a fir-tree in the bay-windowed house. He was at twilight, as formerly, kept out of the room. Georgine appeared so joyous, so pervaded by the real, genuine Christmas merriment, so possessed by the gladsome intoxication of giving, that he watched her with amazement. "We shall make up for lost time, we shall have something for you, for me, and for us all!" said she. "We will be children once more—perhaps, like them, we shall enter the heavenly kingdom."

But to the lonely man there came no festive thoughts; a feverish restlessness haunted him, and a heavy burden lay like a weight on his breast. He saw only one form and heard only one voice amid all his books and all his earnest labors. He took out the little green sprig, and at this moment he heard the ringing of that silver bell, which had, in the long-gone years, called him and his sister to receive their Christmas presents. An infinite sadness came over him. All that he had, would he have given to rest one moment his head on his mother's bosom, and to feel the strong clasp of his father's hand. In this mood he approached the sitting-room door, and, as used to be done amid laughter and jest, his eyes were bandaged before he entered; this time, however, by his sister's hand. The door sprang open—the Christmas-perfume floated on the air—the light shone faintly through the white bandage—as if in a dream, he let Georgine lead him by the hand.

"Marvellous," whispered he; "I feel as I used to, long ago—time has vanished. Have you something pretty for me, Georgie?"

"Off with the bandage!" cried Georgine, as her reply. And hastily, as when he was a boy, he tore off the handkerchief tied over his eyes. His look fell upon a laughing face all wet with tears of joy—a rose glistening with dew-drops; the little Lulu stood before him. Involuntarily he opened his arms, and, with one joyful cry, she was clasped in his embrace.

"Lulu, is it really you?"

"Yes; and if Georgine, the good angel, had not sent for me, I should have run away, and come to you on foot through the ice and snow."

"Shall you send your letter to-morrow, Woldemar?" asked now a soft voice; "I give my consent to your going!"

What a beaming look of gratitude now met her eyes, as he embraced his sister!

"Are you going to Australia?" inquired she again, smiling through her tears.

"Not till I can take you both with me," was his reply.

Lulu became the flower, the sunshine, the lark in the gray house. And when, one Christmas-eve, there was a cradle in the bay-windowed room, and Woldemar's eyes beamed with a blissful brightness that eclipsed the lights on the sparkling tree, the last remnant of jealous pain vanished from his sister's heart, and the happiest of the happy was Georgine.

THE POISON OF ASPS:

A NOVELETTE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

"The poison of asps is under their lips."

"A lie that is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TENNISON.

CHAPTER XII.

"On! where is he gone to? don't let me see him again!" she exclaimed, as she struggled back to consciousness some ten minutes afterward, and stared wildly around her. But there was no one present but Dr. Graham and her sympathetic landlady.

"There, there—dear heart!—lie still," said the woman. "Who'd have thought the good news would have taken her so unawares?"

"Doctor! was it all a dream?—is there no one here but yourself?"

"No one, my dear Mrs. Archer; and I must lay my orders on you to remain very quiet for the next few hours—anxiety and fatigue have quite worn you out. Drink this!" and he held a wineglass with some camphorated cordial in it to her lips. "So—so—that is right," as she meekly obeyed his directions. "And now you must let Mrs. Johnson put you to bed, and take your place by the little boy's side to-night."

"And he will live, doctor—I shall not lose my poor baby?"

"Not this time, certainly; the inflammation is subdued, and all that is required is to keep up his strength. I have given the needful directions to Mrs. Johnson, and now I must wish you good-night. I shall look in to-morrow morning."

Wearied to death, and feeling utterly incapable of resistance, Eugenia permitted the landlady to do with her as she thought fit, and was soon laid in the bed beside her sleeping child, and wrapped in as tranquil a slumber as himself. With the morning—the Christmas morning—all things seemed brighter: Claude was decidedly better, and whining for bread and milk; the sun was shining, and her head felt stronger and more clear—and with strength came memory, and with memory a conviction that the apparition of the night before had not been a dream.

"Mrs. Johnson," she said, suddenly, as she was thankfully watching the eagerness with which her little boy took his morning meal, "what is the name of that gentleman who came here yesterday with Dr. Graham?"

"Dear heart alive, ma'am! I can't tell you. He walked in with the doctor as natural as could be, and looked so disappointed when I said you warn't at home that I quite took him to be a brother or a cousin, or some relation like."

"Then it was not a dream that he was here! it was not a foolish fancy of my own!" exclaimed Mrs. Archer, more to herself than to her listener. "I knew—I felt—that it was not; and yet for what purpose did he come?"

"And you don't even know the gentleman's name, ma'am, nor yet his business?" remarked her landlady, who had scarcely caught the purport of her rapid murmurings. "Well, that's queer; for he called again, late last night, to inquire how you was going on, and left a note for you into the bargain."

"A note—oh! why has it not been given me? why did you keep it back, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Lor, ma'am!" was the reproachful answer; "but you've been asleep to within the last hour. You'd never have wished me to break your rest, which the doctor said was that necessary to you, for any such rubbish as a letter, surely!" and, with a mingled expression of pity and surprise, Mrs. Johnson produced the missive in question.

Eugenia received it with a shaking hand, and, tearing it open, eagerly devoured the contents, which, from their vagueness, were calculated to make her feel still more alarmed:

"DEAR MRS. ARCHER:

"I am sorry I should have called on you at so inopportune a moment this evening; but I have a matter of the greatest importance to speak to you upon, which must plead my excuse. I will be at your rooms again to-morrow at eleven o'clock, when, if well enough, I trust you will have the goodness to accord me an interview.

"Believe me yours faithfully,

"GEOFFREY CARDEN."

Eleven o'clock! and the fingers of the little dial on the mantelpiece already pointed to past that hour. With nervous, trembling fingers, Eugenia essayed to put the finishing touches to her toilet; and, even while she did so, heard a double knock at the street-door; and the fine, manly tread, which she so well remembered, mount the creaky staircase, and enter the sitting-room, divided from the one she occupied by folding-doors. She was alone then with her baby, who had once more sunk to sleep; and she stood leaning against the wall, trying to steady her failing limbs and to silence the loud beats of her throbbing heart, while she felt as though she never could pass through the doors which parted them, and encounter him again.

But, while she thus lingered, she heard a salutation pass between Mr. Carden and her little daughter Tiny, whose presence in the sitting-

room she had till then forgotten, and felt, to her infinite relief, that here, at least, was a distraction which could afford her a few minutes to regain her self-control.

Miss Tiny—who, among many other precocious propensities, had the faculty of never forgetting a face once seen—welcomed Mr. Carden with all the warmth of an old friend, and as though they had but parted a day or two before.

"How do you do, Mr. Carden? What a long time it is since you have been to see us! This is not so nice a house as we had in Calcutta, is it? But we lived in a better house when we first came to England, with grandmamma, and aunt Marion, and cousin Amy. Have you ever seen my cousin Amy? She is fat—much fatter than Claude or me—and is very tall and big. I like cousin Amy. Yes! Claude is better this morning, thank you. Mamma cried for joy because he is so much better. Mamma often cries; but I don't think it is always for joy, Mr. Carden."

Here Eugenia, leaning still against the wall, with her color coming and going with each successive word uttered by the child, heard the visitor say something in a low tone of remonstrance, which Tiny immediately resented.

"Oh, but she does cry, Mr. Carden, very often—much oftener than when we were at Calcutta. 'Do Mun' used to make her cry at Ash Grove; I was very glad when 'Do Mun' went away. I hope he will never come to see us. I said so yesterday. I hate 'Do Mun,' and so does Mopsy. Mopsy screamed when mamma said 'Do Mun' would come to see him again soon."

"And who is 'Do Mun'?" demanded Mr. Carden, in a voice which did not betray much interest in the subject; while Eugenia, dumfounded at the turn the conversation seemed to be taking, leaned forward eagerly to catch the next words of her child.

"Why, 'Do Mun' is the servant who came home in the ship with us; but he was very unkind to Mopsy and to me, and used to slap us and say bad words. And, oh! Mr. Carden" (with great round eyes, which her mother could well imagine, though she did not see), "do you know, he once slapped mamma, and I saw him!"

"Tiny, Tiny!" exclaimed Mrs. Archer, as she darted through the folding-doors, and, with cheeks on fire, stood before them. "Tiny! you don't know what you are saying; you are talking the greatest nonsense that ever was invented. Go down-stairs directly, and stay with Mrs. Johnson till I call you." And then, as the child disappeared, she turned toward her visitor, intending to greet him with some commonplace politeness, but, failing to utter it, sunk down into the chair nearest at hand, and burst into tears instead.

She had meant to have been so collected and calm, to have met the inquiries which she felt awaited her with so much caution; but Tiny's revelations, and the alarm engendered by them, had driven away all her courage, and left nothing but a wretched, trembling coward behind them.

"Oh, Mr. Carden!" she sobbed, forgetting every thing but her fear; "why are you here? what do you expect me to tell you? I know nothing, I can say nothing; your time will be utterly thrown away."

"Dear Mrs. Archer," he replied, tenderly, "do you think, for a moment, I should be here at all, if it were to do you harm?"

The voice in which these words were spoken was rich and deep, and accorded well with the person from whom it came.

Geoffrey Carden was a man of five-and-thirty, with a fine, well-developed figure, and a face the beauty of which lay more in expression than in feature, and yet was far greater than that possessed by most men. It was the impress of goodness and of truth—of an honor no less strict in practice than in theory—of a chivalry which included all who were weaker in mind or body than himself, and of a love for the wronged and suffering woman before him—the strength and devotion of which was only known, and had scarcely been confessed, to Heaven and his own heart.

"Not me! Oh, no! I was not thinking of myself!" she exclaimed, in answer to his remark; "but, Mr. Carden, you, who must know all, how can I believe but that your visit here is connected with my unfortunate husband?"

"It is connected with him, Mrs. Archer; more, my journey to England has been undertaken solely on his account."

"I knew it! I knew it!" she cried, shrinking visibly from him. "Oh, Mr. Carden, have pity upon me! Do not take advantage of my weakness or my folly; but, if you have any recollection of our past

friendship left, leave me before I betray him or myself. I feel so ill, so hopeless, so downcast, I am not fit to cope with the arguments of a mind like yours. Pray leave me to my miserable self!"

"No! that I never can consent to do," he said, "while I have the least remembrance of the sweet and precious friendship to which you allude. I have come to England solely on your husband's account, Mrs. Archer, and you must let me know where he is."

"Never!" she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"Then you will be doing him an injury as well as yourself," he replied, gently. "I have good proof that he left Calcutta in disguise, and, it is supposed, at the same time as you did. Finding you here naturally leads me to conclude that he is hiding somewhere in London, and that you are aware of his place of concealment. Now, the kindest thing you can do for him will be to give me his address."

"I do not know it," she replied, thankful at the moment for her ignorance.

"You do not know where he is living? But, surely, you have some means of communication with him—where do you write to him, and under what name?"

"That I cannot tell you, Mr. Carden."

"I warn you, Mrs. Archer, that your persistence in refusing to help me to discover his whereabouts will do him no good. Who was this 'Do Mun,' who came over in the same vessel with you—this Bengalee, who slapped your children, and even (if my little friend Tiny is to be believed) dared to lift his hand against yourself? You must have allowed him remarkable license for a native servant, Mrs. Archer."

From the tone of his voice, in putting this question, Eugenia saw that, so far, Geoffrey Carden was master of her secret; and there needed nothing further than the burning blush with which she silently answered it to assure him that he was not mistaken.

"Well! I have discovered so much without your aid," he said, after a pause; "and you need not blame yourself when I tell you that I feel assured the supposed 'Do Mun' was no one else than Henry Archer, and that he probably still maintains the same costume. The next question is, where is he to be found? His gratitude for your efforts to conceal his disgrace, or rather to avoid the consequences of it, does not seem to have been so overwhelming as to lay you under further obligations in the matter."

"Mr. Carden," she replied, raising her tearful eyes to his, "whether it is so or no, lies entirely between my husband and myself. I tell you truly when I say that I do not know his present address, nor can I furnish you with any means of communication with him, nor clew to his recognition; because, however wrongly he may have acted toward you, I am his wife, and I have sworn not to betray him."

"Nor to save him either, perhaps?"

"To save him! how could I save him?"

"By bringing about an interview between us. Mrs. Archer, do you think, if I had come to England with the express intention of prosecuting him, that I should have been such a heartless brute as to try and worm out my information from yourself, and at such a moment, too? I hoped that you thought better of me. I am here, not to prosecute, but, if possible, to redeem him."

"To redeem—and after he has so greatly sinned against you? Oh! Mr. Carden, you are not deceiving me!"

"Have I ever deceived you yet?" he replied, reproachfully. "Indeed, Mrs. Archer, you do me an injustice by the suspicion."

"I do—I feel I do!" she said. "But if you forgave him—if you, in your great generosity, could overlook so fearful an error, would Mr. Andrews do so? Remember how strict, how hard he was upon even small offences; and the loss must have fallen heavier on him than on yourself. Oh, no! I have no hope that Mr. Andrews would prove as good as you are. I should deliver up my husband to jail, perhaps to penal servitude, and brand my poor children's names forever with dishonor. You must not—you cannot ask me to bring this fearful disgrace upon their innocent heads."

"But, suppose Mr. Andrews knows nothing about this unfortunate business, Mrs. Archer?"

She stared up at him in surprise.

"How is it possible that he cannot do so?" she demanded, in her turn.

"Simply because it has been kept from him," he answered. "Had it not been so, the columns of every newspaper would have teemed with an account of the embezzlement, and your husband's folly would have

become patent to the world. So, when I found that I could do so much for the sake of a very valued friendship—I did it."

"Mr. Carden!" in excited, agitated tones, "I do not understand—your meaning is not clear to me. How could you conceal from Mr. Andrews that Henry had fled Calcutta? how account to him for so much money missing from the bank? Tell me quickly—tell me all—I must hear every thing!" and she plucked him by the coat-sleeve as she spoke.

In her emotion Eugenia had become pale as death; but the man whom she detained reddened like a girl beneath the close scrutiny which she bestowed on him, and attempted, more than once, to loosen his coat-sleeve from her grasp.

He had done what he had done for her sake only, but he heartily wished at that moment that there was any one to tell her of the good action but himself.

"Tell it to me, Mr. Carden; I will not let you go until you tell me!"

"Well, Mrs. Archer, if you must know, of course there was no means of concealing that your husband had taken 'French leave' to throw up his situation; but the reason that he did so remains a mystery to Mr. Andrews to this day."

"But how—but how?"

"Oh! it was not difficult. Fortunately, I was the one to find the matter out; and—and—after all, though it was a large sum for him to take, and the amount made no difference to the crime—still, I am more than rich, as you well know, Mrs. Archer, and with few uses for my money, and—"

"And so you replaced it, you—who had trusted so fully—who had been so fearfully deceived!—you, did this, for him—for me—for all of us!" she said in a voice so low that it seemed full of awe.

"Come, come! you mustn't make more of it than it was, Mrs. Archer, and—what is this? Good Heavens! at my feet. No, no, Eugenia—never, while I have the power to raise you thence!"

But still she clung there, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"No, no! Don't touch me! don't ask me to move. Oh, I wish I might die here! I wish I might weep my life out at your feet, dear, generous friend!—dear, loving, forgiving friend! Oh, let me cry!—it does me good. These are the happiest tears I have shed for many a day. I thank God! and I thank you, for this gleam of sunshine in my dreary life."

But he lifted her by force and placed her on the sofa, and turned away and walked to the window by himself.

For a few minutes there was no sound but that of her low weeping; but when it had abated, he advanced toward her, with a smile which seemed to forbid any further reference to the subject they had just dismissed.

"Now that I have explained every thing to your satisfaction, Mrs. Archer," he said cheerfully, as he drew a chair toward the sofa, "I hope you will have no hesitation in going hand-in-hand with me in my efforts to find your husband's present address. I think, from your silence, I understood that you keep up a method of correspondence with him—is it so?"

"It was the case," she answered; "but from having received no reply to my last four or five letters, I begin to be afraid that he has ceased to ask for them, or that he may even have left the country without my knowledge. At the present moment I am totally ignorant of his whereabouts, and whether he still retains his disguise or no."

"That is bad," returned Mr. Carden; "but you must write again, and meanwhile I will advertise cautiously for him, and set private inquiries on foot, and depend upon it we shall find him out before long. And when he is found, and I am able to set his mind at rest respecting his own safety, I will see what I can do to get him an appointment somewhere in the colonies, where he may work his way up to a character for rectitude again."

"Oh! you are too good—you are too good, Mr. Carden!" she recommenced.

"Hush!" he said playfully, "please try to keep clear of forbidden ground. Perhaps my goodness is not so entire as you seem to imagine. If Archer accepts my aid, I shall make one condition with him, that he leaves you and these little ones in England until he has established a respectable home in which to receive you again. And now that, as far as it can be settled, we have settled this matter, Mrs. Archer, let me proceed to another. Don't think me impertinent; but

why do I find you here, in such a room as this?" looking round it as he spoke. "When Dr. Graham offered to bring me to your house (I dare say you have already guessed that it was through the doctor, under whose hands I happen to be—worse luck!—that I discovered your address), I expected naturally to find you in apartments suited to your station in life, and to enter these was, I must confess it, a great shock to me."

"My station in life!" she answered, bitterly. "What station have I? the wife of a—"

"Hush!" he repeated, as he laid his hand on hers. "Whatever he is, there is no need you should suffer for his crimes; you have done so sufficiently already. You must move into more suitable apartments at once—I insist upon it!"

"But I have not the means," she answered, blushing, and dreading what her words might lead to.

"Has Archer got no money with his agents?" he demanded, in surprise.

"With McAlberty & Wigson? oh, yes! oh, yes! he has. But—but I cannot touch it, Mr. Carden. I would rather starve first—it is not his, or mine!"

"Whose is it, then?"

"Why, those whom he has robbed—why yours, of course," she said, with glowing cheeks; "to whom else should it belong?"

"I do not allow that," he replied. "If I had wished to prosecute your husband, his private means would have become mine by law; but, under present circumstances, I have no more claim to them than he had to mine!"

"Not when you replace what he had taken, Mr. Carden?"

"I replaced it, not for his sake, but for yours, Eugenia. Have you not sufficient faith in my friendship for you to take it as a gift?"

Her eyes were dim with tears; her lips were trembling; she could not answer him.

"So you will draw the money, which is rightfully your own, and use it as you ought to use it—for my sake," he added, earnestly.

"I will—for your sake," she repeated after him, feeling as though an angel rather than a man had come to her assistance.

"Why did you leave Ash Grove?" he asked abruptly, after a short pause.

"But this question was more embarrassing to her than any of the rest. Why she had left Ash Grove, and the manner in which her name had there been linked with that of the friend beside her, rushed tumultuously into her mind, and dyed her cheeks in crimson.

"Misunderstandings—false reports—a family quarrel," she murmured incoherently; but Geoffrey Carden, who had no doubt of her fair fame, forced her to give him intelligible answers, until (with the exception of that part his name had played in it) he heard the whole history of the forged letter which had brought her up so hastily to London, and been the ultimate means of her quitting the shelter of her mother's roof.

And when he left her side that morning it was with the full determination to redress the wrongs which her own family had done her, as well as those inflicted by her husband's villany.

Blessed Christmas Day! How cheerily the bells, ringing out glad tidings of great joy for men, sounded in Eugenia's ears, as, weary and overcome by the events of the morning, she lay on a sofa with her baby in her arms, and watched the eagerness with which Miss Tiny unpacked a mysterious brown-paper parcel, which had arrived for her shortly after the departure of Mr. Carden, and proved to contain the most wonderful array of Christmas presents that were ever sent to one little girl before! And the song of the Christmas bells, and the remembrance of the earthly friend whom Heaven had sent in her great need, filled the heart of Eugenia Archer with so much thankfulness, that there was hardly space for regretting the blessings which were still denied her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILK-CULTURE.

III.

THE OAK-FEEDER FROM JAPAN.

THE oak-feeding silk-worm (*Bombyx yama-mai*) of Japan was first introduced into France about the year 1861, the eggs having been procured through the influence of Mons. Duchesne de Bellecourt,

then French consul-general and *chargé d'affaires* at the court of the Yeyoon. The beauty of the fabrics made from the silk of the *yama-mai*, which the Japanese have been engaged in cultivating from the earliest historical period, had prompted different persons at various times to endeavor to procure eggs of this species; but their exportation was a penal offence in Japan, and M. Bellecourt was enabled to obtain a few specimens only, after much difficulty. In consequence of recent more enlightened laws, eggs may now be procured from Japan without limit. Those obtained by M. Bellecourt were sent to the Imperial Society of Acclimatization; in Paris, who placed them, for careful nurture, in the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Many of the worms, hatched out in early spring, perished from want of the proper food; but a portion were saved by procuring from the south of France oak-leaves, upon which to feed them, until the foliage of the oak-trees in Paris had become sufficiently advanced. The culture thus initiated, has rapidly advanced, and already, we are informed, large numbers of cocoons are produced in France. It is the opinion of many of the most experienced entomologists and sericulturists, that the *yama-mai* is destined shortly to be grown throughout Europe on a large and remunerative scale. It is hardy, healthy, can be reared out-of-doors, and, although experience and care are necessary in rearing it, its culture is not so delicate nor so difficult as that of the mulberry-worm.

The importation of the worm from Japan is attended with a peculiar difficulty. The larva of this worm, unlike that of other species, is fully developed in about a month after the egg is laid, and remains within its shell in a dormant condition during the winter, or until the warm temperature of the spring awakens it. The result is that, if exposed to undue heat in their journey, the eggs are prematurely hatched.

The eggs of the *yama-mai* are large and spherical, the greatest diameter being from one-ninth to one-tenth of an inch, and the smallest one-thirteenth to one-sixteenth of an inch. The egg is of a pale straw-pink color, coated over with a gum, giving it a mottled appearance. The best eggs are light gray, well rounded, and in proportion to their weight yield a healthy worm. A Japanese measure of three hundred and eighty-five grammes (thirteen and three-tenth ounces) will yield about one hundred thousand worms.

The *yama-mai* is a native of Oshin, Japan, where the climate is much like our own, being warm in summer and cold in winter. The race is hardy, and the eggs taken from that district thrive well in France and England. Their production is natural; and in their wild state the *yama-mai* is found in the forests in many parts of Japan. The Oshin account says that, from the birth of the worm to the commencement of the cocoon, is about fifteen days, and the moth will appear in about twenty days more. In those districts, in their wild state, the eggs fall from the trees in autumn, and in the spring the worms find their way to the trees, where they feed for two weeks or more, and then spin their cocoons; these are then gathered by the women and children, the chrysalis destroyed by roasting in the sun for three days, when they are sent to the markets and sold. The winding of the silk is described as very easy, done by a hand-machine, a simple wheel, with the cocoons placed in a pan of hot water.

The cocoon of the *yama-mai* closely resembles that of the mulberry-worm, except in size. The shape is oval, and the color a golden yellow, or greenish hue. It is larger than the *mori* (mulberry-worm), its largest diameter being one and four-fifths to two and one-tenth inches, and nine-tenths to one and one-tenth inch in thickness. The thread is nearly continuous through the cocoon, and measures in length from eight to eleven hundred yards. The silk is of a deep-green or yellowish color externally, but internally of a silver whiteness, the inside being more brilliant. It is composed of a double thread, like all silks, there being two orifices or *spinnerets* in the larva, through which the thread is emitted; but here a most important fact is presented, which is said to give a superiority to the silk: the fibre being covered with a gummy material, not liable to be dissolved in water during reeling, the two ends become agglutinated together and compose a single strand.

The best varieties of oak used by the Japanese are *Quercus dentata*, *Q. serrata*, and *Q. sirokaei*, being those which vegetate earlier and having the most tender leaves. Common English oaks, or our American oaks, *Marrocarpa*, *Marbackii*, and others, will answer well.

French writers describe the worm as follows: The length of the newly-born larva is about three-fifths of an inch, the head being of a pale-ash color, with collar of a lighter tint, same color, with four bright



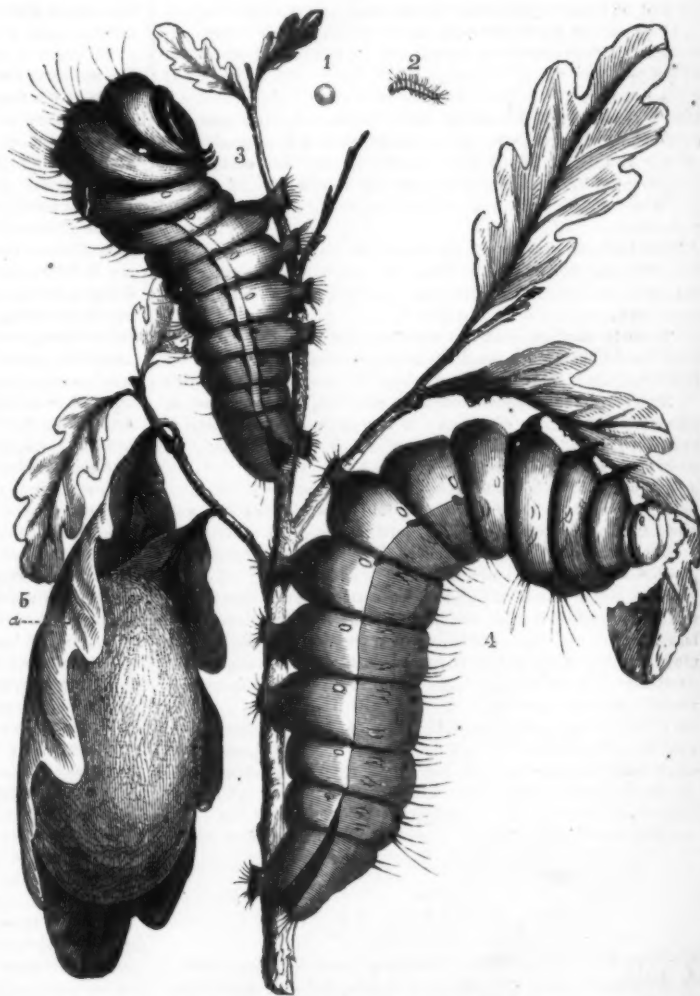
MOTH OF THE YAMA-MAI (Oak-feeding Silk-worm).

tubercles, like drops of gold, two on the dorsum and two laterally. The ground-color is a bright primrose, with five velvet-black longitudinal lines. Four rows of tubercles, longitudinally placed in the interspaces between the five lines, and a row of tubercles below the lowest lateral line on each side; one set of tubercles thus belong to each segment. The tubercles are at first light-colored, but soon assume a dark, velvety hue. There are three white, scaly patches, one above, and two somewhat below and to the side of the anal opening; these also soon turn black. The feet are of a dirty-pale straw-color. The varied colors and tints of the larvæ are quite numerous, and it is presumed that the variations of these hues are caused by variations of soil, climate, and food.

After moulting, the color changes to a vivid grass-green; the dorsal tubercles are lemon-yellow; the latter tipped with a faint-blue dot. From the third to the fourth moult, the worm increases greatly in size, and consumes food rapidly. The last moult is the most trying and difficult; and, after moulting, the worm remains for a long time without feeding or moving. During the fifth age, the worm grows rapidly, eating night and day, and attains an enormous size, having a length from three and a half to four inches, with a proportionate thickness. The tubercles seem to disappear, while the skin is thickened, the air being imbibed through an innumerable number of pores. As the time of spinning approaches, the worm becomes almost transparent, of a pale-yellow green, and looks about for a place to spin. It folds itself up in a large leaf, and attaches others to conceal itself, spinning a net-work of coarse silk, attaching itself to the twig by several strands, and then commences to form the cocoon.

Much care is necessary in feeding, as the worms are particular as to the quality of food, preferring twigs with leaves, and not picked leaves. Oak-sprays, kept fresh in water, are most preferred, until ready to be placed on the trees. Plenty of fresh air is necessary, and moisture is grateful to them at all times.

M. Personnat, one of the most accomplished



THE BOMBYX YAMA-MAI, OR OAK-FEEDER.

1, Egg. 2, 3, 4, Silk-worm. 5, Cocoon—natural size.

entomologists of France, gives, in a work entitled "Le Ver à Soie du Chêne," important information on the subject of the culture of this worm, the influence of food, air, temperature, etc. In 1865 he raised twenty thousand worms, partly in the open air on trees, and partly in an open room on cut boughs. The oak-boughs should be placed in pots. His account, which is very entertaining, embraces full particulars of the cultivation of this silk-worm, and he has also given a scale of profits to be obtained by cultivating it on an extended scale, being the result of his own experience, which I here translate:

"As an example, allow a *hectare* (two and a half acres) entirely planted with oak-trees; to each square metre (forty inches), twenty-five worms, which would be sufficient for the foliage. Allow ten cocoons only as the result (after loss from waste) as the product of each square metre. This would give one hundred thousand cocoons to the hectare; as a cocoon weighs from five to eight grammes, two hundred would weigh one kilogramme, leaving a total of five hundred kilogrammes of full cocoons for the hectare. Allow a fair reduction for paths, say one-third, which would leave three hundred kilogrammes of cocoons; twelve kilogrammes of cocoons would realize one kilogramme of raw silk, the value of which is seventy-five to eighty francs. The same weight of cocoons would be worth one-twelfth, or five to seven francs. Take the value of the *yama-mai* cocoons only at four to five francs, the return then would be annually twelve hundred to fifteen hundred francs the hectare. The expense is small: the clearing of the ground; a net, to cover the trees, which would last for years, making its annual value one-tenth the cost, and the labor in collecting the crop." These estimates are, of course, based upon the cost of labor and the value of the cocoons in France. In America, the labor would be higher; but the returns in money would be greater.

Dr. Wallace, of England, has met with considerable success in rearing this beautiful insect, and has published a full account of his experiment. The worm, he informs us, will bear a moderate amount of cold with impunity; and will stand even extremes of heat. It avoids, however, direct sunshine, preferring warmth diffused through the natural leafy shade; and experience has shown that it will thrive better out-of-doors, on the trees, than under confinement indoors. He tried branches of oak, steeped in fresh water, then allowed to drain, and placed with the worms in a muslin bag. Others were fed upon the open trees, and allowed to rest at liberty upon the oak-branches in their natural position.

There is another species of oak-feeding worms, *Bombyx Pernyi*, from North China, which has also been experimented with successfully in Europe, also in this country, but I cannot dwell upon it in this article.

Mr. John Ackhurst, entomologist of Brooklyn, has raised, the past season, fine specimens of cocoons of the *yama-mai* and *Pernyi* on oak-twigs, placed in bottles in the open air. They are larger and finer than any I have seen in Europe, and go to prove that, with care, this species can be successfully acclimated here.

The silk of the oak-feeder is used in Japan for coats, flowers, dresses, and ornamental work. Regarding its quality, a distinguished French writer pronounced the following opinion at the *International Exhibition of Insects*, at Paris, in 1866:

"The silk of the *Bombyx yama-mai* seems to me to occupy, after that of the mulberry-worm, the highest rank. It is, perhaps, a trifle less fine, but it is quite as brilliant. In many cases it might be employed instead of it; and, if we can succeed in acclimatizing its production on a large scale, it might make up for our deficiency in the production of mulberry-silk."

If its culture can successfully be introduced into America, we should open up a vast field of industry, that would add materially to the property and wealth of the nation. The more difficult culture of the mulberry-worm may prove impracticable in this country; but we should judge that both the *silantus*-feeder and the oak-feeder, after experience is obtained, may be found easily adapted to our climate.

J. Q. A. WARREN.

COUNT BISMARCK AT HOME.

OTTO VON BISMARCK was born of a clever, imperious, ambitious mother (not of the noblesse), who, from her son's earliest years, entertained high-soaring views for him, and sent him off to his distant school without any of those maternal pangs and weaknesses which

(so fathers say) are the ruin of so many boys. She was careful for his health, and energetic about his education; but it was after such a fashion as tells of the iron in her blood, and makes one recognize the maternal strain in the courage, energy, and will of her now famous son. "The father was the heart, the mother the understanding, of the household," writes an old friend of the family, speaking of Bismarck's youth.

From what our Teutonic friends call the "genial *Studentenzeit*" until his betrothal to a shy and modest maiden, born of strict, sober, pious (and noble) parents, we hear nothing of Bismarck that is either interesting or edifying. With an iron constitution, mad, daring, unbounded animal spirits, defiance of all the "properties," as Mrs. Malaprop says; a courage whose creed was a word and a blow, wild orgies, wilder escapades, hard drinking, harder riding, and (very occasionally) hardest reading, helped out by love-making, duelling, and fits of melancholy—the "mad Bismarck" filled up his time. But notwithstanding these drawbacks to his being considered by her parents as an eligible suitor, the modest *Fräulein* von Putzkammer stuck to the man of her choice. She had the wit to see that—in spite of—et-cetera, et-cetera, et-cetera, and—and so on, and so on—her lover was "a man for a' that."

After his marriage, Herr von Bismarck had a short experience in red-tape and bureaucracy, which does not appear to have been particularly to his taste, for he soon retired to the cultivation of his paternal acres again.

Characteristic of Bismarck it is, that even in these early days he never suffered slight or insult to go unpunished. On one occasion, his principal, apparently forgetting Bismarck's presence, although the young man was speaking to him, walked to the window, and began to tap upon the pane. Bismarck immediately did likewise, drumming lustily the well-known "Dessau March." The same gentleman, on another occasion, let Bismarck wait an hour before he found it convenient to give him an audience. He was rather surprised, on asking curtly, "What do you want?" to hear the reply, "I came here to ask for leave; but now I beg to take it!"

On another occasion, when his servant, an inexperienced rider, was watering his horses, the animal he rode stumbled and threw the groom into the lake. Bismarck, who was upon the bridge, tore off his uniform, and took a "header" after his unlucky servant. With difficulty he brought his burden to land. The bystanders who witnessed the scene memorialized the president of the Humane Society, and Bismarck received the simple medal of that Prussian institution. In the early days of his fame, when as yet this was the only decoration which adorned his breast (and one must have lived in Germany to realize how pitiable an object is a *diplomate* without decorations in the eyes of his fellows), he was asked, with a polite sneer, by a distinguished colleague, what was the meaning of this modest decoration. "It means that I have the habit of now and then saving a man's life," answered Bismarck, his stern glance counterbalancing his jesting words.

The abuse of the so-called *Junker-Partei*, of which Bismarck was (and confessed that he was proud to be) the energetic representative, was too familiar in his ears to have any special effect on a man who had hurled a confession of his political faith in defiant terms at his opponents; who had given scorn for scorn, and bitter sarcasm for unsparing ridicule. To the taunts on his "mysticism," his love of the "dark ages," his "retrogradism," he turned a deaf ear, and let the storm rage.

On the 2d April, 1848, when, after endless vacillation on the part of that highly-gifted, intelligent, but incapable monarch, Frederick William IV., the waves of revolution were surging against the doors of the Prussian Chambers, and threatened to overwhelm the Prussian monarchy in one vast deluge, Bismarck spoke again. He had been laughed at as the exponent of obsolete principles, made a butt of by the wits of the Left, and was the favorite centre-figure around which the pleasantries of the *Kladderadatsch* revolved. For ridicule he had given contempt, for personal vituperation such searing satire as made the boldest wine; he had never bent beneath the storm, but had braved it with a courage and energy perhaps more daring than prudent. And yet, in the moment of supreme peril, even the Opposition listened to him with respect. He grasped the situation, and only sought to save some show of honor for his king. He acquiesced, because he thought it for the good of his country that he should do so; but he acquiesced under protest, as his few, straightforward, honest words testified.

"Not voluntarily," he said, "but forced by circumstances, do I speak to-day. The Past is buried; and I regret, more deeply than many among you can do, that no human power is able to awaken her from sleep, since the crown itself has thrown dust and ashes on her coffin."

But if Bismarck acknowledged that the Past could not be awakened, that she slept the sleep of death, he remembered, even in that hour of supreme doubt and apprehension, that there was a Future—a living future for his country—and he armed himself to meet the coming day.

The king might well be puzzled by the multitude of his counsellors, and the difficulty of his position; the extreme Right, the extreme Left; the Liberal Conservatives and the Conservative Liberals; the *Kreis-Zeitung-Partei* and the *National-Verein*; the *Fortschritts-Partei* and the *Junker*.

And, in the midst of it all, Herr von Radowitz exhorting his vacillating majesty, like Caesar, to pass the Rubicon; and General Rauch dissuading his royal master with the patriotic words (in the incomparable Berlin dialect): "Well, the fellow Caesar I know nothing about, nor the other fellow Rubicon; but this I can tell your majesty—that he who gives such counsels can be no loyal Prussian."

When we think of how Frederick William IV. missed the point of his life, and catch a glimpse of the paralyzed helpless shadow of the once genial monarch mumbling a few unintelligible words to his attendants in the garden of Potsdam or Sans-Souci (what irony in a name!), it is no wonder that we recognize in the melancholy picture as tragic a figure as the annals of modern history can show.

But the king had not as yet sunk into that living death which later was to be his, and no one as yet dared to cry "Vive le Roi!" in honor of his successor. But, notwithstanding these things, eyes began already silently to turn toward his majesty's royal brother as the real authority whose influence must give the decisive impetus to things.

In 1851 Herr von Bismarck was appointed minister-plenipotentiary at Frankfort. He went thither alone, wishing to inspect the territory, and to establish himself in some degree of comfort, before disturbing the family party at home. He was received coldly by the other representatives of the German Bund; but, as it was not in Bismarck's nature to stomach impertinence on his own account, and much less on that of his sovereign, he did not scruple to give several well-accentuated rebuffs and sufficiently significant lessons in the art of *savoir-faire* to the transgressors. In illustration of this an anecdote has been related which, if not true, has at least the merit of being well founded.

On his arrival in Frankfort, Bismarck paid his *visite de cérémonie* to Count Thun, Præsidential-gesandter. Graf Thun neither rose from his seat nor offered Herr von Bismarck a chair, but continued to smoke with the same indifference as though he had been giving audience to his tailor.

Bismarck quietly took out his own cigar-case, and, approaching the ambassador with easy familiarity, said: "May I ask for a light, your excellency?"

Petrified and completely dumfounded, Graf Thun handed him his glowing Havana; when, drawing his chair near to the Præsidential-gesandter, Bismarck sat down, smoking and talking with good-natured nonchalance, as though nothing had happened.

He soon became popular in Frankfort. He kept open house, and received not only the diplomatic circles, but *la haute finance*, men of letters, artists, poets, painters, sculptors; and Frankfort had one great advantage for the future minister-president over other towns. Like an inn on the king's highway, it offered an agreeable resting-place during the summer months for travelling Europe. Kings and princes allied by marriage, or blood, or only through friendship, with the house of Hohenzollern, found an attentive and agreeable representative of that house at the Prussian embassy; while foreign ministers and diplomatists partook with pleasure of Bismarck's genial hospitality.

At Johannesburg Herr von Bismarck made the acquaintance of Prince Metternich, Austria's time-honored representative. A strange contrast! the man of the past and the man of the future meeting on the neutral ground of the present; the one representing the last melancholy remains of Austrian kindness for Prussia, the other the few, faint, lingering sparks of traditional honor for Austria.

"Frankfort is terribly *ennuyeux*, and I am so spoiled by having

much love about me and much occupation, that I begin now, for the first time, to recognize how ungrateful I have been toward many persons in Berlin; for, leaving you and all belonging to you out of the question, the cooler measure of party and national feeling which was there meted out to me was tenderness and affection compared with my relationships to the outer world here. At the bottom of all lies nothing but mutual distrust and a system of suspicion and spying—as if one had any thing remaining to be spied out or to hide! About the merest insignificant rubbish these good folks give themselves infinite trouble; and these diplomatists, with their much 'cry and little wool,' are already more ridiculous to me than a deputy of the Second Chamber in all the self-importance of his newly-acquired dignity. In the art of saying nothing in a great many words I make gigantic progress. I write reports of many pages, which read fluent and polished, like so many leading articles; and if Manteuffel can say, after he has read them, what the contents are, he can do more than I can. Each one of us adopts an appearance of believing that the other is full of plans, projects, and ideas, if only he would speak; and, for all that, we none of us know by a hair's-breadth more of what is to become of Germany than Jack-in-the-box. No human being—no, not even the most malicious infidel of a democrat—would credit what *charlatanerie* and empty mock-importance clings to the diplomacy here! But for to-day I have reviled enough."

This picture certainly gives no very flattering idea of the representatives of the German Bund. Again he writes:

"About persons and politics I cannot say much to you, because most letters are opened. I received yours the day before yesterday. Do not forget, when you write to me, that your letters are not only read by me, but by every possible post-spy; and don't abuse certain persons so violently, for all that is reported again to the parties in question, and is set down to my account; besides, apart from this, you really do them wrong. Be careful how you speak, without any exception, not only to X—, but to all. Especially avoid giving your judgment or opinion of persons; for you do not know what experiences one may make in this way when one becomes an object of general attention. Be quite sure that either here or at Sans-Souci the speeches which you may have whispered in a bathing-machine or a summer-house will be warmed up with *sauce piquante*. Forgive me if I preach and warn; but, after your last letter, I must take the diplomatic pruning-hook in hand a little.

"If — and — can sow suspicion and distrust in our camp, they realize thereby one of the chief objects of their letter-stealing. I was yesterday at Wiesbaden, and dined with —. A mixture of sadness and Old-World wisdom filled me as I inspected the scenes of my former folly. May it please God to fill with His clear, strong wine this vessel, in which then the champagne of youth effervesced uselessly, leaving only the worthless dregs behind! Where and how are — and Miss — now living? How many are buried, with whom I then drank and dined and made love! How my views of the world have altered during the fourteen years in which I have seen so many changes!—changes each one of which I held to be the right state of things as long as it lasted! How much is small to me now which then appeared great! how much now honorable which then I laughed to scorn! I cannot understand how a man who reflects about himself, and yet neither knows nor cares to know any thing of God, can bear with life and not be utterly disgusted and weary. I do not understand now how I formerly could bear it. If I now had to live without God, without you, without the children—I do not know, indeed, why I should not put this life away from me like a fretted garment; and yet most of my acquaintances live after such a fashion. And, when I ask myself what ground this or that person can have for living any longer, to labor and be disappointed, to intrigue and to spy, I cannot in truth discover his reason. Do not fancy from this scrawl that I am in particularly low spirits; on the contrary, I feel as I do on a September day when I look at the yellowing foliage—content and calm, but with a certain tinge of melancholy—a home-sickness, a longing for the woods and lakes and moors; for you and the children; all mixed with sunset and Beethoven."

With his sister, his "heart-beloved Malvina" (married to a Herr von Arnim) for whom from the earliest days of youth he had felt the warmest tenderness—a tenderness which led the people about the estate to say that he was quite "lover-like" in his devotion—he kept up as constant a correspondence as his multifarious occupations would al-

low. His description of a journey which, as "Familienvater," he was obliged to make to the sea-side, will amuse our lady-readers, and may perhaps elicit a sympathetic smile from fellow-martyrs of the sterner sex.

"I write you," he says, "a solemn letter of congratulation on your (as I believe) twenty-fourth birthday (I will not mention the fact elsewhere). You have now really attained your majority, or would have done so, had you not the misfortune to adorn a sex, the members of which, according to legal opinions, have not left their minority behind them even when they are mothers of the fattest possible *Häuse*" (or, as we should say, "young bulls"). "Johanna" (his wife), "who is at present reposing in the arms of Lieutenant Morpheus, has probably written you what a fate is before me: the boy bellowing in a major key, the girl howling in a minor, two singing nursemaids, and—between bibs and bottles—I, as a devoted parent. Long have I resisted; but, as all the aunts and mothers loudly declared that sea air and water alone could benefit little Marie, if I refused, I should have heard, on the occasion of every cold the child might have in its head up to its seventieth year, the bitterest reproaches as to my miserliness and paternal barbarity, with, 'Do you see? Ah, if that poor child could only have had sea-baths!'"

"Next year," he observes in the following letter, "I shall certainly have to travel with three cradles, wet-nurses, bibs, bottles, and bassinets! At five o'clock I awake in a state of mild fury, and cannot sleep again for all the pictures which fancy paints in the blackest colors; but the torments of indecision have at length given place to the calm of resignation."

In 1859 Bismarck was transferred from Frankfurt to St. Petersburg, where the emperor, but more particularly the empress-mother, received him with friendship, and drew him into the immediate home-circle which surrounded the imperial family. Here, for the first time, his robust nature and iron constitution gave signs of declining health. A rheumatic affection of the left leg, causing exquisite agony, reduced him to a state of utter helplessness. He demanded leave of absence; and, in the farewell interview which he had with the emperor, the latter was startled by the terrible alteration which had taken place in Bismarck's appearance. The results of his home-cure were not, however, very satisfactory, and it was with difficulty he commenced, late in the year, his journey to St. Petersburg. But *en route* he again fell dangerously ill at the house of a friend, and returned, in March of the following year, to Berlin, without having prosecuted his journey.

On the 28th of June, 1859, he writes to his wife from Peterhoff:

"From the above date you will see that I am up again. I drove here early to take leave of the . . ." (empress understood). "I find something almost maternal in her amiable, natural manner, and I can talk to her as openly as though I had known her from childhood. She spoke much and long with me to-day. Dressed in black, she was lying on a *chaise longue*, in a balcony whence we had a refreshing verdant prospect. She was knitting a red-and-white shawl on long pins, and I would gladly have listened for hours to her deep, low voice, her honest laughter, and gentle scolding, so homelike was the feeling I had."

In the midst of court festivities, balls, operas, dinners, he thinks incessantly of his wife and children, and longs for the home-circle.

"I long," he writes, during one of the most brilliant periods of his life, "for the moment when, established in our winter-quarters, we sit once more round the cheerful tea-table, let the Neva be frozen as thick as it will."

In the following letter to his brother-in-law, Oscar von Arnim, there are tones the true ring of whose metal tells us of the tender heart and sympathetic nature of the man:

"At this moment I receive the news of the dreadful misfortune which has overtaken you and Malvina. My first thought was to go to you at once, but I overrated my strength. The cure has prostrated me, and the idea of suddenly interrupting the treatment met with such decided opposition, that I have resolved on letting Johanna go alone. Such a blow is so completely beyond the reach of any human consolation; and yet it is a natural desire to long to be with those we love in sorrow, and with them to mourn. It is the only thing one can do. A heavier grief could not well befall you; to lose such an amiable and promising child, and with it to bury all your hopes—hopes that were

to have been the joys of your old age—is a grief which, long as you live, will never leave you. I feel for and with you, in painful sympathy. In God's powerful hands we are helpless and without counsel, and (except in so far as He will help us) can do nothing but humbly submit to His visitations. He can take from us all that He gave, and leave us utterly lonely; and our grief for our losses will be all the more bitter in proportion as we show it by rebellious murmurs against His almighty will. Do not, therefore, let murmuring and rebellion poison your natural and just grief; but try to realize thankfully that a son and daughter still remain to you; and in them, and even in the thought that you have during fifteen years possessed a beloved child, try to look on yourself as blessed in comparison with many who have never had children, and never known parental joys. I will not trouble you with weak attempts at consolation; I would only say that, as your friend and brother, I feel your sorrow with you, and am moved by it in my very innermost soul. How all small grievances and annoyances, which are necessary ingredients of life, disappear before the iron stroke of real misfortune! The remembrance of my repinings and desires appears to me now in the shape of a reproach for forgetting how much God gives, and how many dangers daily encompass us without our falling a prey to them. We are not to love this world, neither to regard it as an abiding-place. Twenty or thirty years more, at the best, and then we shall both be far beyond its cares and sorrows, and our children will have reached our present stand-point, and will recognize with surprise the fact that life, which seems but freshly begun, is already going down-hill. 'It would not be worth while to dress and undress, if all were over with that!' Do you remember these words of a Stolpmünder travelling companion?

"The thought that death is but a passage to another life will, indeed, not lessen your grief; for you might have believed that your beloved son would have been a dear companion for the time you were on earth, and would have kept your memory fresh in the hearts of those who should come after. The circle of those we love grows ever narrower, and only begins to widen again when we have grandchildren. At our age no new friendships can replace those which have died out. Let us then hold all the faster together in love, until death shall come and separate us, as it has separated us from your son—who knows how soon! Will you not come to us with Malvina, and spend some quiet weeks or days at Stolpmünde? At any rate, I shall go to you at Kröhlendorf in three or four weeks, or wherever you may be. I greet my beloved Malvina from the heart; may God give her, as well as you, the strength to bear with meekness and patience!"

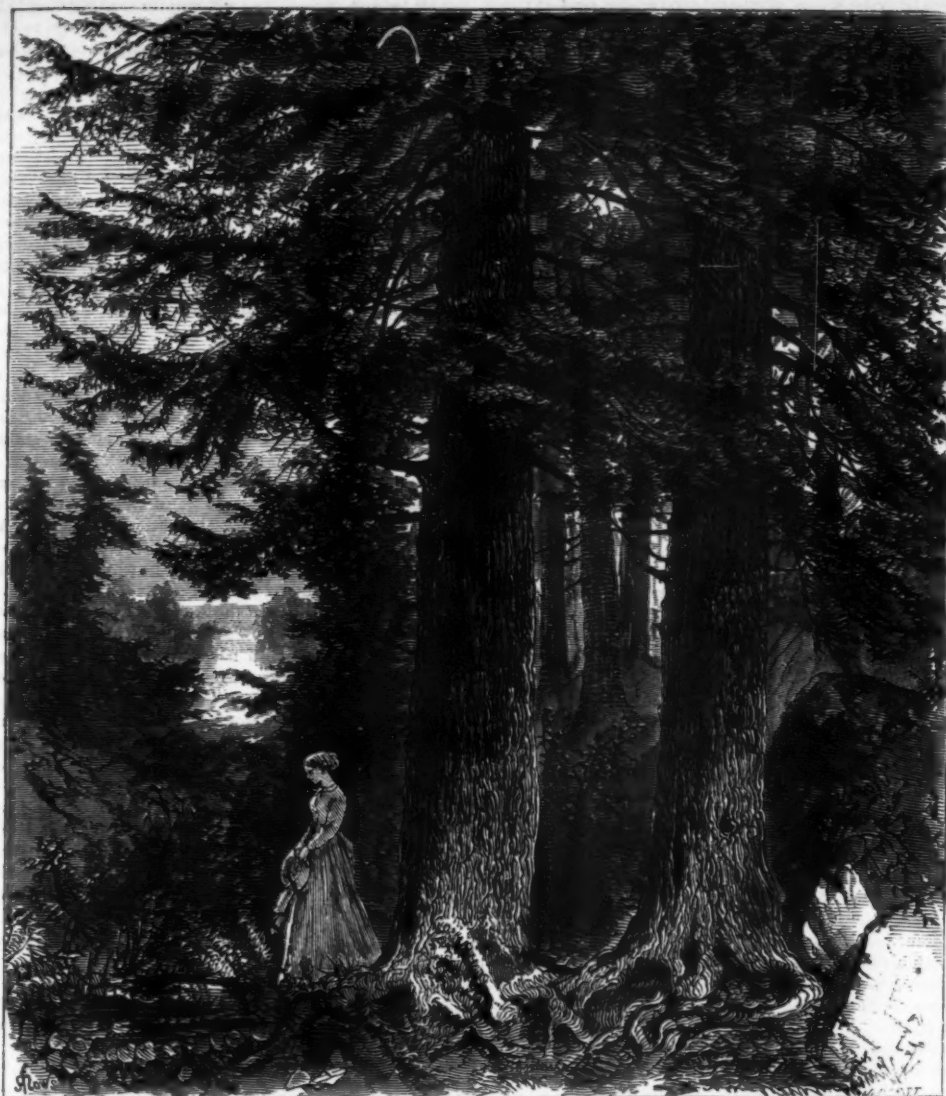
This letter is so intensely human in its sympathy with grief, so clear in its expression of faith, so firm in its doctrine of submission to the Divine Will, that no one who has known sorrow can read it unmoved.

In May, 1862, Bismarck was sent provisionally as ambassador to Paris, whence he writes to his wife: "To-day I presented my credentials, and was received by the emperor in a friendly manner. He looks well and is stouter, but not fat and old, as the caricaturists love to depict him. The empress is still one of the most beautiful women I know (notwithstanding St. Petersburg), and, if any thing, has grown handsomer during the last five years."

But his stay in Paris was short. He made a tour through the south of France, taking Biarritz *en route*; and on his return found Fate and the post of minister-president awaiting him.

But with the minister-president we have nothing to do. The croakers were full of prognostications as to the result of the retreat to Varzin. Yet events have proved that Count Bismarck, arising like a giant refreshed with wine, was equal to the coming occasion. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of his acts as a statesman, his most inveterate enemy must confess that he has set his mark upon the age; and it is fresh in the memory of the writer of these pages, that, during a summer's evening in the Volksgarten at Vienna—whither, fresh from the treaty of Gasteln, came Beust, Rechberg, and Bismarck (Bismarck then at the height of his unpopularity)—it was toward the Prussian statesman all eyes turned, of the Berlin diplomatist that all tongues wagged. His very unpopularity for the nonce had made him popular. He looked worn and haggard; but his powerful figure was unbent, and between the pauses of Strauss's band, the sound of animated conversation and of genial laughter, showed that the weary diplomatist had not, in the cares of state, lost all taste of the salt and savor of life.

M. von B.



HER MOURNERS.

GO yonder where bright gladioles have made
Along the garden vista they illumine,
At either edge, a gaudy colonnade
Of bloom.

And, following the pebbled path between,
Reach the old gate, with cumbrous latch, that leads
Out on a lowland radiantly green
With reeds.

Gay water carols through the bending glass,
Love-loyal to its bourn, the leaf-hid pond.
Tread lightly on the rude brown bridge, and cross
Beyond.

Mount, then, the russet slope; with roots that twist
And coil about a loamy, fern-plumed bed,
Two hemlocks hold an immemorial tryst,
Branch-wed.

Hearken how plaintive, in those dusky trees,
The summer's airy melodies have grown,
Intoning as the songs of twilight seas
Intone!

Stealing some hidden sadness from the strain
Of blithest winds, how drearily they move!
'Tis therefore that beneath them I have lain
My love.

Yet, from the shadows where fern-clusters nod,
There glimmers no commemorative stone:
My darling's sepulchre is built by God
Alone.

And dearer those dark boughs which wave and sigh
Than marble flattery of tomb or bust:
Their grief shall murmur when my grief and I
Are dust!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

NARRATIVE OF THE FIRST TRIP FROM SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, TO EL PASO, MEXICO.

I.

IT was in the month of March, 1849, that I found myself in the quaint old Spanish-Mexican-Texan town of San Antonio de Bexar. My health had been somewhat impaired by too strict attention to business, and I was advised to try the air of a warmer climate than that of New-York City. I had passed the winter of 1848 in Florida—at Jacksonville, Saint Augustine, etc.—and in the month of January, 1849, turned up in the town of Galveston, Texas, *vis* New Orleans; but, as I had derived no benefit from the air in those places, I travelled up to San Antonio, where the delightfully-dry climate was quite bracing, and I was improving daily under its influence.

I there and then made the acquaintance of one of the most agreeable men it has been my lot to meet with anywhere. He had been a great traveller, was perfectly familiar with every European capital, including Constantinople; had visited the Holy Land, Egypt, and Algiers; had been in Mexico and Yucatan, and was particularly well acquainted with Northern Mexico, where he had frequently been on trading-expeditions; and had often made the trip from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fé, in New Mexico. His name was Robert Maurello. His origin was somewhat singular. It will be remembered that in 1804-'5 the United States were at war with Tripoli, one of the Barbary states. During that short war, a small United-States cruiser captured a Tripolitan corsair (formerly a fine American brig, converted by the Tripolitans into a man-of-war), and took her prize into the port of New York. The captain of the captured vessel was the father of my friend Maurello. From what was subsequently gathered of his history, it appears that he was a native of Spain, who had been captured by the barbarians some fifteen years previously, kept as a slave, and treated in a most inhuman manner, until, in sheer desperation, he had taken the turban, professed himself a Mussulman, and became a corsair, in the hope of escaping from Tripoli and returning to Spain. Time passed; he found it impossible to escape, so closely was he watched, until he finally married a beautiful Moorish maid, the only child of a rich emir, and became somewhat reconciled to his fate. About the time of the breaking out of the war with the United States, he lost his wife. He at once sold all his possessions, converted the proceeds into diamonds, which he secreted about his person, and, manning his vessel once more, pretended to go on a cruise against the Christians—his real intention being to make some port on the coast of Spain or France. The meeting with the United-States cruiser was unsought for on his part, and, the first broadside from the American man-of-war having been returned by his lieutenant (he being confined to his cabin with a sprained ankle), he was forced into a fight which ended in his capture. The United-States vessel landed the Tripolitan prisoners at Gibraltar, all but the captain and his first officer (a renegade Frenchman), who were taken to New York. At the latter city they were both liberated. The Frenchman shipped as second mate on a French vessel loading for Marseilles. Maurello, after a residence of a year in New York, meeting a French widow, young and pretty, became enamoured of her. His affection was returned; they were married; and he settled down as a quiet citizen. The diamonds were converted into dollars, and, being judiciously invested, supplied him and his family with a handsome competence. My friend Robert was the only fruit of that union. When I first made his acquaintance, his parents had both been dead for some years, leaving him very comfortable, as far as worldly means went, and possessed with an indomitable roving disposition (doubtless inherited from the departed corsair), which he had already indulged, as previously stated, to a considerable extent.

Conversing together, one evening after supper, at our boarding-house on the Plaza at San Antonio, he was relating some of his adventures on his last trip to Santa Fé, while I was looking at a map of Northern Mexico and Texas hanging against the wall, when I suddenly asked him if he had ever made the trip from San Antonio to El Paso direct. He answered, hastily:

"No; it never has been made."

I expressed my surprise that no adventurous spirit had ever thought of doing it. My remark seemed to throw him into a brown study. For full five minutes he kept looking in an abstracted manner at the map, and then, turning hastily to me, said:

"I'll tell you what—if you will go with me, I'll do it. I will be the first American to open up a route from San Antonio to El Paso."

Without a moment's hesitation, I grasped his hand, and exclaimed:

"Done! I'll go with you!"

We then parted for the night. The next morning, after breakfast, we walked out on the Plaza, and Maurello began:

"Well, do you remember our conversation of last evening?"

I replied that I certainly did, but that I did not know but what his sober second thought might induce him to change his views. He assured me that the more he thought on the subject the more it pleased him, and that we must at once proceed to arrange the details. He said he was determined to make the adventure one of solid profit as well as of discovery, and, as he possessed the means, the thing was undoubtedly feasible. His general idea was this: Although San Antonio was in latitude twenty-nine degrees north, and El Paso in thirty-two degrees north, making the distance about two hundred miles north, yet he supposed it to be from seven hundred to nine hundred miles west. He therefore proposed to travel in a northwestern direction, until he struck the head-waters of the Rio Colorado; thence he thought a due westerly course would bring him out somewhere on the Rio Grande near El Paso.

We passed the next three days in perfecting our plans, and on the fourth we left San Antonio for a visit to New-York City. We travelled on horseback, camping out at night, when we did not happen to come across a cabin or hut, and we reached Galveston on the evening of the eighth day. On the morning of the tenth day we took passage on a small schooner bound for New Orleans. After a short but boisterous trip, we were landed at the French-Market Quay in New Orleans. Finding the fine packet-ship *Tennessee*, Captain Berry, about to sail for New York, we enrolled ourselves among her passengers, and, after a short and pleasant voyage, were landed at Coffee-House Slip, East River.

Maurello started at once for Newark, New Jersey, where he ordered the wagons and harness to be made. He wanted forty large and ten smaller wagons, all very strongly built, to be delivered in sixty days' time.

He then ordered the arms—rifles, pistols, hunting and bowie knives, and a brass four-pounder piece, to carry grape as well as solid shot, with a plentiful supply of gunpowder, balls, caps, etc., for rifles, pistols, and gun. He visited Providence, and purchased three hundred and fifty mules, to be delivered at Galveston, Texas, in three months' time.

While he was thus engaged, I was very busy buying calicoes, both American and English, of the brightest colors I could find; pink, scarlet, crimson, blue, purple, and white silk ribbons, of suitable widths; some pieces of silk goods, for dresses, of the same gay colors; many articles of cutlery and hardware, and some of crockery; an assortment of boots and shoes, adapted to the Mexican market; flour, coffee, sugar, and tea, made up in small bags (of about fifty pounds each) of good, strong canvas; some chocolate, and a good medicine-chest; twenty runlets (of fifteen gallons each) A No. 1 Bourbon whiskey; and other articles, too numerous to mention.

I had taken the first floor and basement of a store in the lower part of the city for three months, and had every thing sent there as soon as properly prepared. Every thing was packed the same as the provisions—in small bales, for convenience of transportation. At the proper time, the wagons were delivered according to contract.

As all was now ready, Maurello chartered a small schooner of about one hundred tons burden, and our cargo was shipped on board. In a week's time we sailed, and, after a favorable passage of twenty days, arrived safely at Galveston. It took us ten days to put our wagons together, and to load them. We were careful to load the forty large wagons with assorted bales of merchandise, having a proper proportion of dry-goods, cutlery, crockery, etc. The load for each wagon was about three thousand pounds weight. The ten smaller wagons were loaded with our provisions, gunpowder, and ammunition, the weight being about fifteen hundred pounds each. Maurello left me at this point to run up to San Antonio and engage the men who were to form our party.

The mules had arrived at Galveston, and, by the time our wagons were loaded, they were sufficiently rested to be harnessed to them. We placed six mules to each wagon, the other fifty being fastened to the vehicles, which were sheltered by a good, strong canvas cover to each.

I here engaged fifty men to drive the mules and wagons to San Antonio.

As we had to travel up in a northwesterly direction before we could ford the rivers Brazos, Colorado, and Guadalupe, we were three weeks before we reached San Antonio, camping out each night in the woods near a creek or a spring of water. I found that Maurello had not been able to engage all the men he wanted. He secured fifty men to drive the wagons, taking about one-half of the number that I had brought with me from Galveston. He had also engaged some twenty-five Mexicans, who were anxious to return to their country, they having mostly come from Santa Fé and the adjacent neighborhood. Maurello wanted some thirty men to act as scouts, in addition to about twenty old Indian-fighters, rangers, trappers, and hunters—making our force, all told, one hundred and three men.

As the hunters were almost all out—some hunting, and others engaged in different pursuits—we were obliged to wait until they returned; and, as fast as they did so, they were engaged by us, until our number was completed. In the mean time our mules were pastured on the banks of the streams around San Antonio—here called the bottoms—and were corralled each night. Our wagons were drawn up in close order within a spacious yard surrounded by a high fence, and guards posted around them each night, who were relieved every three hours.

Finally, on the third day of October, the last hunter having been engaged, the men were mustered, fully armed, and well mounted on the tough mustangs of the country. An extra wagon, so arranged as to be converted into a gun-carriage, was provided for our brass four-pounder, with the ammunition belonging to it; and the next day, the fourth of October, A. D. 1849, on a bright morning, we commenced our march from San Antonio, to trace a new route, and open up a new road, through an unknown country, a real *terra incognita*. Many cheered us and wished us "God speed!" but others shook their heads, and muttered something about Indians, wild beasts, deserts, etc. We, however, having full confidence in our leader, in ourselves, and in the completeness of our preparations, which were on a more magnificent scale than had ever been seen in that place, felt full of the most sanguine hopes.

We made a short march the first day, the object being to get under way, to have the watches set, the men organized, and placed under due command. We halted for the night at a spring, some ten miles from San Antonio, and camped out for the first time. More as a precautionary matter of discipline than from any fear of Indians, we placed our wagons in a circle, and chained them to each other by the wheels, and within that circle built our camp-fires and prepared our suppers. After allowing the cattle to feed for two or three hours, they were admitted into our camp for safety, and fastened to the wagons. Sentinels were posted, to be relieved by others every three hours, and the men were told to sleep with their arms in readiness. I will here observe that during our entire trip this order was strictly followed. Our own party consisted of the captain (Maurello), his lieutenant (Long Bill Evans), and myself; and no one presumed to approach our mess, except Pancho, our black cook.

I must now describe the *personnel* of our mess. First in rank was Captain Maurello—without exception, one of the finest specimens of humanity it had ever been my lot to meet. He was exactly six feet in his socks, rather inclined to *embonpoint*, which he, however, managed to keep down by exercise. His features were cast in the noblest mould, and you could not help saying, on looking at him, "This is, indeed, a man." Next comes the lieutenant, Long Bill Evans. He was six feet four inches in height, thin and gaunt, looking like a bag of bones, but with the muscles enormously developed. A small bullet-head, perched on the top of that long body, looked exceedingly comical. His features were ordinary, with a good-natured expression on his phiz at all times, unless something occurred to *rile* him, when he would become violently excited, and then his appearance at once changed entirely. He was then the most terrific-looking being I ever saw. Each hair in his long mustache and longer beard seemed embued with life, and to stand out straight. Woe betide the unhappy wight on whom his anger was vented! An expert in all manly exercises, a dead shot, and extremely quick in all his motions—nothing could save the culprit but a prompt admission of error, when he would at once relent, and be disarmed.

Pancho, our negro cook and caterer, had been picked up by Maurello in one of his trips to Mexico. The negro had somehow incurred

the displeasure of an influential Mexican, who was going to have him shot, when Maurello saved his life, promising to take him with him, and thus remove him from the sight of the infuriated *señor*, to whom, as a *douceur*, a handsome present was made. Pancho was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and had accompanied his former master to Mexico. For some offence, he had been dismissed, and had become the servant of a French-merchant in the city of Mexico, where he had picked up some French words. His employer's son, making a journey to Monterey on business, took Pancho with him. On their arrival at Monterey, his young master lost his life in a street-brawl, and Pancho entered the service of the Mexican from whose vengeance it was his good fortune to be released by Maurello, to whom he vowed eternal fidelity. He was not more than five feet six inches in height, but very broadly built, with a pair of enormous shoulders. He was one of the strongest men in the camp, and very brave. He was almost always singing, and one of the best-natured fellows in the world. Occasionally he would get very angry, and then his expletives, in French, Spanish, and English, were so ridiculous that no one could help laughing who heard him.

My modesty forbids an extended description of myself. I was rather tall, being five feet ten inches, of a slender build, but of greater muscular powers than my appearance indicated. Very black eyes, hair, mustache, and beard, completed my *tout-ensemble*, which the ladies (bless their dear hearts!) thought not absolutely repulsive.

Our second day's journey was only twelve miles, and we camped, as on the previous evening, near a small creek of very pure, clear water. Maurello's policy was to inure our cattle very gradually to the fatigues of the road.

It is not my intention to inflict on my readers a detail of our progress, or to recount each day's doings. Suffice it that for three weeks all went as well as could be wished. Among other excellent regulations, we always rested on the Sabbath. Both men and beasts felt the better for a chance to recruit from their fatigues. On the twenty-second day from leaving San Antonio, we struck the head-waters of the north fork of the Rio Llano, a small river emptying into the Colorado. We camped there that night, and thought we must have travelled from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty miles. Our progress had necessarily become very slow. We had, as it were, to grope our way in the dark. Every morning, after breakfast, about one-half of our force (from forty to fifty men) were ordered out to *feel* the way for us; a portion were in the advance, and the remainder on our flanks. This was continued until we struck the Rio Grande. We did not know but what we might stumble on some village of Indians, and have to fight an entire tribe. Being as numerous as we were, and armed so advantageously, we did not *fear* them; but we wished, if possible, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Notwithstanding all our care, however, it was found impossible to accomplish this wish, as the sequel will show.

Our camp was abundantly provided with game from the start. We had, besides our hunters, who were out in advance and on our flanks, about a dozen scouts, who were constantly on the alert to report any Indian sign, or any serious obstacle to bar our way. The quantity of game of all kinds we saw here was prodigious—deer, antelopes, rabbits, the small black bear, raccoons, the large gray wolf, coyotes (the small Texan wolf), catamounts, the small wild-cat, and some few jaguars, it being about the northern range of their habitat. In addition to the bountiful supply of meat, there was an abundance of wild-turkeys, and Pancho supplied us with a panful of delicious fish, taken from the stream above mentioned.

This spot was so delightful in every respect—wood, water, and grass, being so abundant—that the captain ordered a halt, and we rested there for three days. On the twenty-fifth day out, we were once more under way; and, without any thing happening to us worthy of special notice, in fifteen days more we struck the Rio Concho, so called, although it is in reality the south fork of the Rio Colorado. Here we made a halt of three days to get every thing in readiness to strike out on our westerly route. Wagons, harness, arms, were all carefully examined, and with every thing at aunto we commenced our westward march.

For the first few days we kept by the stream, which, as we neared its source, was becoming smaller, narrower, and more shallow. The captain here adopted what we considered a most perilous plan, and in which he persevered, notwithstanding all our remonstrances. He rode off, all alone, fully one day's march ahead of the caravan. Not liking

the idea of having our chief gobbled up by some stray Indians, I begged Long Bill, who was now in command, to let a couple of his best men accompany me, for I felt so uneasy I wanted to get as near to the captain as I could without his seeing me. Long Bill looked at me for about a minute, and then broke out with—"See hyur, young fellur" (Bill never called me any thing but "young fellur"), "that idee of yours arn't a bad one. Yer *shell* have the men. Keep yer eyes skinned; an', if you or they see any sign of Injin, jest yer send one of them men back ter me, an' I'll be with yer as quick as greased lightnin', with fifty men at my back, an', if there's any Injins thar, we'll give 'em h—l."

I at once rode on with two men, selected by Bill as the most reliable men we had. We pushed ahead, and toward dusk saw the captain riding toward us.

"Boys," said he, as soon as he came up, "I want one of you to ride back, and bring up by to-morrow morning early twenty-five men with axes, to cut down some trees and open a road for our wagons."

One of the boys, the best-mounted, at once turned in his tracks and rode off, when we proceeded to camp for the night. The captain had shot a couple of wild-turkeys before we came up. These, roasted before a fire we soon started, and the pure water we found in a spring in our path, as well as some of the corn-juice from our flasks, gave us a supper we enjoyed exceedingly. After supper we smoked our pipes, and, having tethered our horses to lariats, giving them a good range to nibble the abundant sweet grass around the spring, we wrapped our blankets about us, and, with our feet to the fire, were soon asleep. About midnight, not sleeping as soundly as the others, and feeling the fire going down, I arose, replenished it, saw that the horses were all right, and was soon in the land of Nod again. Very early the next morning we were awakened by the trampling of hoofs, and saw our man at the head of the party of axemen, who must have started very early to come up with us so soon. After the usual greetings, we found that they had not taken any breakfast. Some four or five of the best hunters at once dismounted, and in a few minutes we heard the crack of their rifles, and they presently returned to camp with a couple of small deer and several large turkeys. These were soon cooking before our fires, and, as Long Bill had taken the precaution to send coffee, sugar, etc., we had an abundant repast.

After breakfast we all mounted, and followed the captain. About six miles farther on, we came to a forest that appeared to extend for a considerable distance both to the right and to the left, so that we had no recourse but to cut down enough trees to clear a road for our wagons. Toward dusk, the main caravan came up, and we all camped there that night. We made enormous fires, partly to get rid of some of the wood cut, and partly as a protection against wild beasts. We were awakened toward morning by hearing the crack from two of our sentinels' rifles, and found they had brought down two large panthers, a male and a female. There was no sleep for us after that; so we all arose, skinned the two panthers, and, stretching their skins of light sticks to dry, left the carcass for the coyotes. I must here mention that all the deer-skins we had taken had been preserved and carefully dried. They were found to be of great use afterward, as will appear.

GOOD COFFEE.

HOW IT IS NOT MADE.

ABOUT nine or ten years ago, when many sanguine Southerners were vacating their local habitations at Washington, and removing hastily to the Confederate states, we went to look at a house in a suburb of the capital, which house, according to its advertisement, was handsomely furnished, and in an aristocratic quarter. We saw the parlors by gaslight, and were pleased; we saw the garden by moonlight, and were delighted. There was a tiny rose-bush that wore one bud and one blossom, as if to please the sunshine of to-day and to-morrow; there was a long lattice veiled with fall honeysuckles, which lent the night-dew something so delicate and sweet that it seemed a subtle sadness rather than a perfume; there were grapes that seemed to peep curiously and temptingly in cunning clusters from the opposite wall; and there was a bank of violets, where we afterward found one small purple flower nestling under a cover of half-green leaves to hide from

the first snow, which fell just before Christmas. Perhaps the little dark creature retained the principles of its absent owner, and determined to resist the North, and perhaps we, who were born on Southern, or at least on neutral soil, felt the neutral, slight sympathy for the South. Be that as it may, we took the poor violet with us into warmer air, and it has grown old in following our misfortunes about the world.

But we intended to write of coffee, or rather of "good coffee"—which is a very different thing. Well, we engaged the handsomely-furnished house in the aristocratic quarter, and walked away between shadowy, glittering hedges, and under old sad willows, in an ecstasy. We think that we lay awake half the night looking at the jasmine-vines around the porch of our quiet summer cottage, and longing for our housekeeping September.

The next day we were told that a colored lady, very highly recommended as a cook, was waiting to see us, and—Aunt Rachel appeared at our door. With a very quaint courtesy she glanced alternately at us, and at a pretty boarding-school girl, who happened to be with us, and inquired: "Which is de madam, and which is de miss?" When her doubt was removed, she declared that we looked as if we ought to change places. This was meant to be very agreeable to us, but we knew, even then, that people do not calculate to please us by talking of our apparent youth till they suspect we are no longer young. Aunt Rachel herself had some blanched locks escaping from her bright-plaid kerchief, which led us to mildly suggest the possibility of her being too far in years to meet our demands. But she assured us rather indignantly that she could "outdance half de young folks in de country if she didn't belong to de church." Nothing was left us then but to presume that she understood the divine art of making "good coffee" as well as the inferior branches of her profession. "Bless your soul, chile," said Aunt Rachel, "an't I been in service at de minister's—de minister's from old Englan', chile; an' you know dey stands at de head of de quality." Of course we were satisfied.

We believe that September came. We believe that we reached our new house one evening, and wandered about until nearly midnight re-examining sofas, carpets, pictures, the china, and many pretty trifles. We believe we were soon in the habit of rising very early, and wearing some "dainty morning wrapper," like the heroine of a novel, into the garden, to cut fresh flowers for the vases. We believe we usually met the swarthy smile and stately old-time salutation of Aunt Rachel on our way. We believe that we requested her to prepare us exquisite breakfasts. We believe the rolls at those breakfasts were generally light and snowy enough; that the eggs were very soft boiled, and the steaks not overbroiled. But we believe, too, that the coffee was said not to be "good coffee." No, the coffee was not "good coffee," and consequently, after a month or so, we used to find ourselves looking rather mistily and longingly toward an early home a thousand miles away, and thinking somewhat of mirages and desert sands.

We believe that secret sessions were held, and that we were intrusted with a difficult and disagreeable domestic mission (but foreign to our taste) to the kitchen, where at last we found ourselves standing timidly in the grave presence of Aunt Rachel, humbly protesting that she was not equal to our "heavy work," offering to send our washing to her at her house, and begging that she would send her daughter to us, and accept, as a parting propitiatory gift, the eternal purple calico dress, in which the female African heart of the better class, when it is growing sober, takes such delight. We believe that, in leaving us, Aunt Rachel remarked: "De gentleman is a fine man, chile—but he is a little fractions 'bout de coffee. De minister wasn't half so hard to pacify." Now, of course we knew that if the minister's coffee had not been "good coffee," the fault was never Aunt Rachel's, but rather that of the accomplished Parisian gentleman, who presided in his kitchen. Still, as it had always given Aunt Rachel such a triumph to frighten our little objections with the fact that she had been in service at the minister's, we were not willing to lead her into temptation by asking if she had been the cook there. We were content to know that she felt sure she had given us the impression that she was such—without the sin of having plainly said so.

Lucy came. She was a graceful, fashionable woman, in her way, and much given to attending what she called "our receptions" in white-kid gloves and white-satin slippers.

Lucy did not make "good coffee." We were desperately entreated to try if we could not make "good coffee." We had

a fearful respect for Lucy, and could not bear to have her imagine we were not entirely pleased with her. After much meditation, however, we went into an attic and brought down our castaway summer wardrobe, and begged to know if it could be of any use to our elegant kitchen-maid. She was so overpowered with surprise and gratitude that we ventured to speak of coffee, of "good coffee" even, and to mention the desire of another member of the family to see us mistress of the greatest of all accomplishments, the skill to make "good coffee." Lucy did not seem offended; and we soon found ourselves sorrowfully trying an unfortunate experiment, and listening to the half-scornful, half-pitying remark of a young lady cousin from Kentucky, who was visiting us. "I suppose," she said, "I suppose these abolitionists expect their wives to know how to work." A monstrous and unnatural requirement on the part of the said abolitionists, truly!

At last our coffee was called "good coffee" by the lips of strangers. Once we invited a few friends to dinner, and, to our great joy, old Colonel C— suddenly exclaimed: "Madame, I have not tasted such coffee as this since I left my home in New England. It is delicious." "Delicious," echoed the gentleman at his side—but there was an awful silence at the opposite end of the table. At last the speechless chair was appealed to, and a slow, hollow, "r-a-t-h-e-r good," was all we heard. Yet the same voice that condemned this coffee as "rather good" while it was a visible presence, years afterward, when it had become a phantom-essence in mists of memory, used to speak of it with a tender remembrance, which was something like a late justice, and reproach us with its perfection.

We remember another time when our coffee was at least faintly praised. We had a guest who suddenly said to us one morning: "You do not use a French coffee-pot." The next day he presented us one with elaborate directions for its use. But, after allowing the boiling water to drop through to the ground coffee, instead of the rich, fragrant liquid which we had been led confidently to expect, there was only a faintly mud-colored warm water. We were in despair. We should have been in tears, too, but our good angel suddenly appeared on the scene and said loftily: "These men never know what they mean. You just have de coffee made like you always has it, and send it to de table in de French coffee-pot." This was a happy suggestion. When our friend tasted his coffee afterward, he declared that "the cream or something had made it very good, and that he never saw the French coffee look so clear before." Of course he never did.

We believe that for whole years we lived with no other thought than—to try to make good coffee. We have, it is true, a poor, troubled memory of a strange pageant that passed us in a long glimmer of tents, a wide glitter of steel, a half-airy, half-dusty flutter of flags—a slow, shadowy line of hearses and ambulances, with great bursts of quick, fierce music—and which vanished in triumph and in sorrow.

But, after all, what to us were wars and rumors of wars? Was not the narrow air of the hospitals overcrowded with eager, charitable beings, ready to do every kind of office for the suffering soldier? Were there not women enough who could go on bell-ringing street-errands, with sharp, insatiable demands for the old linen and jellies he needed?—women who could read his Bible for him, and even women who could "kiss him for his mother"—if he was handsome, and an officer? Was not our room worth more to him than our company could have been?

Before closing this melancholy memoir, we beg leave to allude to the man who tells us exactly how to make good coffee. The name of this charming creature is Legion. He takes many shapes, and belongs, we imagine, to every age and to all countries. He has written many wisely-heavy essays on how to make "good coffee," in German, French, English, and every other living and dead language, for aught we know. Yet we forgive him his essays, since we are not obliged to read them. But we do not forgive him his private table-lectures. It is torture to see him begin to sip his coffee and glance across the cloth with an injured and agonized look, as if he suspected some one of an attempt to poison him. Then he will inquire if you have ever had a cup of coffee at a certain restaurant in Paris, or even New York, and assure you that said restaurant is the only place in the world where one can get "good coffee." Or he will allow himself to be attacked with a distressing affection for his great-grandmother, and happen to remember, by-the-way, that she was the only woman he ever knew who could make "good coffee." Then he will proceed to tell you that if you will roast the coffee just enough, grind it just enough, let it boil just enough, or not at all, or let it gradually prepare itself in a

French coffee-pot, the certain result will be "good coffee." Now, we think he has given us this information a thousand and one times. At first we heard him with patience, perhaps with interest. Afterward we learned to assume a sweet indifference, both to his sufferings and his instructions; and at last, for we were but human, we felt fearfully tempted to administer a sudden warm shower-bath of his favorite liquid from a china cup.

Finally, what is "good coffee?" It cannot be merely a smoking incense that rises around the mat-seated Turk, nor an odor that floats in mid-air over Araby the blest. No; but it is a holy memory—a something that always belongs to some former life, or some former period of life, at least. No man was ever seen drinking "good coffee"—but all men have drunk it. Madame Sand, in a romance—a romance, mind you—makes "good coffee" a thing of the present, and tells us that they have it in Venice. But, as we have carefully read all the newspaper letters of all the young tourists, who begin by quoting "There is a glorious city in the sea," and as we find in these letters abundant allusions to Old Shylock, the Bridge of Sighs, winged lions, dead dogs, and the now-spouseless Adriatic, with never a whisper of "good coffee," we begin to fear that the madame's romance is all a romance, or that Venice itself, as Dickens has it in his Italian Notes, is "a dream." But is the famous Paris restaurant a dream, and is the great-grandmother of blessed memory, odorous with "good coffee," also a dream? Verily, we fear they are both dreams, and that "good coffee" itself is

— "such stuff as dreams are made of."

THE ARTIST.

THE gold of sunshine fills the land;
The garners teem with gold of sheaves;
And day by day the cunning hand
Of Autumn paints the ripened leaves.

A bolder touch than Titian's spreads
The gorgeous, effluent colors out—
Broad masses of harmonious reds,
With flaming orange edged about;

Imperial purples flecked with gold,
Bright emerald crossed with scarlet rays—
Then tones them down with fold on fold
Of gauzy veils of sapphire haze.

But, day by day, the artist's eyes
Grow grave, her tints more faint and cold;
Out of her face the glad light dies,
With browns she blurs her red and gold.

She hears the Winter's fateful tread
Sound from the North at dead of night—
What matter if 'tis brown or red?
He only paints with ghostly white!

She hurries through the woodland walks,
Above her head the west wind grieves,
Beneath her feet are crackling stalks,
And sombre brown of rustling leaves.

She paints the tops of distant hills
With softest rose and amethyst,
Sweet Indian-summer wine distils,
And spreads a solemn eucharist.

She gives to all the earth who tread,
With lingering, fond, pathetic grace,
Then draws a glory round her head,
And turns away her sweet, sad face.

And all the land lies bleak and bare!
The nipping wind, remorseful, grieves!
And, through the shivering, sobbing air,
Drop, one by one, the latest leaves!

W. M. L. JAY.

TABLE-TALK.

THE notion is very generally entertained, we believe, throughout the country; and indeed throughout the world, that the city of New York is horribly misgoverned—that its public funds are systematically plundered, its streets ill-paved and filthy, its institutions mismanaged, its police inefficient, its judges corrupt, and, in short, that life and property are generally insecure within its precincts.

The prevalence of this wide-spread notion is to be attributed undoubtedly to the exaggerations of some of the city newspapers, which, whenever they see occasion to describe our municipal condition, depict it in the strongest language of which they are masters, without much regard to the actual facts of the case. These extravagant but piquant descriptions naturally attract the attention of the editors of other newspapers in all parts of the world, by whom they are copied and translated and commented upon with fresh exaggerations, until the impression is produced throughout Christendom that New York combines the morals of Sodom and Gomorrah with the police of Timbuctoo.

In justice to our good city, therefore, we reproduce the suggestions of one of our most influential daily newspapers, to the effect that the recent election shows clearly that the people of the city themselves are not aware of the evils under which it is alleged they suffer. It says: "They have deliberately given their suffrages two to one in favor of the very men by whom they have for years been ruled. If our taxes are heavy, it is the people of the city who pay them. If life and property are insecure, those who live here are exposed to the danger. If disorder reigns in our streets, the annoyance is chiefly felt by our resident population. The fact that they are not aware of the hideous evils which give the revilers of the city so much uneasiness, is a pretty conclusive proof that they are the chimeras of disordered imaginations. If the truest test of good government is a contented and approving people, the aspersions upon the city cannot be deserved. At any rate, our citizens do not indorse them. To New-Yorkers, New York seems, after all, a very tolerable place. The poor contented wretches fancy that they see here some wealth, and many visible tokens of prosperity. They behold an increasing amount of costly architecture, great profusion in private expenses, and some extravagance in public; but careless prodigality seems an evidence of abundance, not poverty. There is no city in the world to which so many strangers flock for employment, with good chances of finding it. There is no place on this continent where capitalists are so fond of investing money in real estate, or where they find their investments so productive. Property has doubled in value here during the last ten years of war and high Federal taxes. The rate of city taxation is lower than in any other large city in America. Our theatres are thronged with well-dressed people who contribute fortunes to actors and singers; our artists are kept busy; our public drives present a spectacle of endless fine turnouts. Our churches and institutions of charity absorb vast sums of money freely given out of the

general abundance. We have a system of public free schools of unmatched excellence, and the city abounds with private seminaries. Most of the visitors at all the fashionable watering-places are New-Yorkers. Physicians, dentists, and every kind of skilled artisans, are overrun with work. Our countless liquor-saloons and cigar-stores are a standing evidence of the surplus income of all classes beyond their expenditures for food, clothing, and shelter. To be sure, we have city taxes; but they are a *bagatelle* to the self-imposed taxes paid by our citizens for spirits and tobacco. There is no place on the continent where people make so much money, enjoy so much liberty, have so great a choice of pleasures, or are so unconscious of the pressure of local taxation, as in this defamed city of New York."

—The bitterness of political controversy has always been deplored by moralists. Few things are more strange than the disposition, so continually manifested, to believe that a man who differs from us in opinion is capable of every iniquity. The accusations so common among political opponents are often deliberate inventions, or at least gross exaggerations; and yet, while every man indignantly asserts this to be true so far as his own political friends are concerned, most of us are very prone, with singularly inconsistency, to believe similar charges when made against the leaders of the party to which we do not belong. If the public were of that philosophical temper that suspends judgment until accusations are substantiated, there would be no temptation to invent the scandals that we hear uttered so freely against every conspicuous politician. But this disposition to believe evil of men is not only the means of introducing into politics its offensive scurrility, it also gives birth to much of the scandal current everywhere in society. Gibbon tells us that a man's enemies do not so much invent charges against him as to seize upon some defect in his character and greatly exaggerate it. There is evidence, we think, that sometimes scandal is deliberately invented, but no doubt a greater number of the evil reports we hear are simply huge overstatements of things that in their naked truth have no more than those elements of evil which, we are taught to believe, mingle in all the transactions of men. Take any man now before the public who is generally scandalized, and let the charges so unhesitatingly made against him be sifted to the bottom, and there can be no doubt that nine out of ten of the accusations will prove to be unfounded or immensely overstated. We are in position to cite one case in point. A very eminent and wealthy merchant of New York is currently charged with being a libertine. His domestic dissensions, his mistresses, his illegitimate children, have been spoken of so freely in society and in the public press that a great number of people profoundly believe his moral character to be stained. Recently these charges were made in the presence of one of his intimate friends, who, not content with indignantly denying them, determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. He called upon all the intimate friends of the merchant referred to, those who had known him for a

lifetime, those who were most familiar with his domestic affairs, those who could not fail to know the truth or the falsehood of the accusations in question, and the united testimony of these men was that the scandal was a sheer invention. It was said, for instance, that the merchant and his wife never spoke to each other, yet all these gentlemen frequently dined at the merchant's table, where host and hostess appeared not only on friendly but affectionate terms. If every bit of scandal current could be similarly sifted, a vast number of evil reports would be proved baseless lies. It were better for the health of society that men should believe too much good of each other than too much evil. The habit of suspicion is a demoralizing one, and there is no greater indication of moral degeneracy than hasty and sweeping denunciation of men or women. Truly conscientious men will be as reluctant to believe wrong in others as to do wrong themselves. Politics are doubtless corrupt enough, but politicians are not the abandoned men they are supposed to be. Society has many evils, but virtue and goodness predominate. If there were more evil than good in the world, social chaos would ensue. To hear one of these loud denouncers of men and women, a listener would naturally suppose that the world consists of two divisions—rascals and the speaker. Let charity step in and mitigate our judgments. Let every man recollect that, if the world is generally evil, he has no right to assume that he is an exception. The actions of men are mingled, complex, deftly-woven threads of good and evil, and very few of us have the penetration or the genius to unravel the skeins, and say accurately which predominates. What is apparently evil often works upward into good, and what professes to be good has often the alloy of evil. The pride and self-approval of the righteous were more sharply condemned by Christ than were the sins of the wicked. If every man's particular virtues and faults could be expressed in figures, the aggregate sum with a very great majority of the human family would be nearly equal, however much might vary the different factors. There is evil enough in every good man's heart to keep the devils vigilant, and good enough in every bad man's nature to render the angels hopeful.

—A writer in the *Western Monthly* informs us that the late Henry J. Raymond, on one noted day of immense literary labor, prepared as much editorial matter as could fill an octavo volume of the size of those comprising Bancroft's History of the United States. Now there are about four hundred and fifty pages in a volume of Bancroft's History, each page containing fully two hundred and sixty words. This makes an aggregate for the volume of one hundred and seventeen thousand words. With the utmost expedition of the pen, a man cannot write over fifty words a minute. We do not believe any penman can average this, but, as Mr. Raymond was probably a very rapid writer, we will accept this estimate. At the rate of fifty words a minute, it would require thirty-nine hours of unbroken and unvarying labor—the pen ceaselessly driving over the paper as fast as it could

carry—for a writer to prepare four hundred and fifty pages of the size of those in Bancroft's History. This analysis shows that the statement made by the writer in the *Western Monthly* is only one of those huge exaggerations now so common in our writing and speaking.

—A history of the changes in the fashion of titles to books and plays would be interesting. We all know what amusingly quaint and very long titles were given to the polemical pamphlets and tracts of the Puritans, in the old Roundhead times. Recently our novelists have been imitating the length if not all the other characteristics of those old-time title-pages, and favoring us with such attempts at fancy as "Love me little, Love me long," "Red as a Rose is she," "Cometh up as a Flower," "What will he do with it?" "He knew he was right," and so on. But, as if to show an independence of taste, Mr. Robertson, the dramatist, has gone to the other extreme, and never employs for a title any thing longer than a monosyllable—as, for instance, "Caste," "Ours," "School," "Play," "Home," "Birth," and, lastly, which is just announced in London, "War." For a play-bill, these short and direct titles are peculiarly suitable, and they have an advantage in the fact that nobody can find fault with them; but we confess to an appreciation of quaintness and novelty in a title.

—The New-Testament revisionists now in session in London have recommended that the phrase in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil," should be translated, "Deliver us from the Evil One." We cannot discover what is gained by this change, and assuredly no alteration should be made in this great prayer of the ages that does not essentially commend itself to English-speaking Christians. We knew, some years since, an earnest Biblical student, who advocated the change in the Lord's Prayer of one word for another, which, contrary to the proposed alteration of the London revisionists, seems to have good arguments to support it. "Lead us not into temptation," he argued, would not only be more correctly translated "Leave us not in temptation," but this version would be more consistent with the Christian idea of a beneficent Creator. The conception of the Almighty "leading men into temptation" is certainly inadmissible; but that we should pray to Him to interpose, and withdraw us from the evil that threatens to seduce us from the right, is entirely in keeping with His goodness and our helplessness.

Literary Notes.

OF APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC, for 1871, perhaps we should not speak; so let us quote what the *Day Book* says about it: "Could that gettier-up of 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' of near a century ago, our grand old philosopher, typist, and statesman, Ben Franklin, see the splendidly-illustrated, parlor-table Almanac of the Appletons, for 1871, his ideas of the 'severely practical' would prompt him to ejaculate, as did long ago one of the most voluminous but far from poverty-stricken writers of England, when once meeting Lady

Blessington at a London stationer's purchasing a bunch of Russia quills, for which she paid a shilling: 'What! your ladyship, buying a bunch—an entire bunch—of quills? Bless me! why, I have written seventeen octavo volumes with a single quill, and it is in most excellent condition yet! Oh, what an extravagant age we live in, to warrant the purchase of a whole bunch of quills at a time!' Now, could that economist, old Ben Franklin, who was one of the earliest almanac publishers of this country, see the present issue of 1871, by the Appletons, he would certainly ejaculate, 'Oh, the extravagance of the age, to warrant, in the almanac line, such a gorgeous display of artistic engravings, superbly-illuminated covers, beautifully-tinted paper, and so much entertaining reading in elegant typography!' APPLETONS' ALMANAC, for 1871, is dazzling within and without."

The series of papers on "Words and their Uses," by Mr. Richard Grant White, which appeared in the *Galaxy* last year, have been collected and published in book-form by Messrs. Sheldon & Co. Mr. White's papers attracted great attention at the time of their first appearance, and elicited no little discussion. If some hesitancy existed as to accepting all his conclusions, the acuteness, judgment, and soundness of his reasoning rendered most of his arguments conclusive. Mr. White's essays are popular in character, and are designed for the general reader. His arguments are illuminated by many felicitous and even amusing illustrations, and they are thus fortunately brought within the sympathy of the class that most needs them. The book will contribute something toward securing a purer and simpler English. "Language," the author tells us, "is rarely corrupted and is often enriched by the simple, unpretending, ignorant man, who takes no thought of his parts of speech. It is from the man who just knows enough to be anxious to square his sentences by the line and plummet of grammar and dictionary that his mother-tongue suffers most grievous injury."

The London *Spectator* says, of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place," that it is "a highly-sensational novel, designed to elucidate a political problem and point a social moral; a wild romance worked into a dramatized blue-book on Sheffield trades-unions, with an elaborate presentment of Mr. Broadhead as central figure, and with the Sheffield flood as a grand catastrophe; a thrilling love-story according to Mr. Reade's most characteristic theories of love and love-making, with at least half a dozen thoroughly original, striking, and well if roughly-chiselled characters; but abounding in rhetorical trick, dramatic stratagem, paradoxical epigram, flashy rhapsody, topographical quips and cranks, grotesque sentiment, crude political economy, and phantasmagorical situation, and, above all, stamped with the impress of complacent self-satisfaction and literary *spécie*—such is 'Put Yourself in his Place.'"

The author of "John Halifax" has published a work entitled "Fair France: Impressions of a Traveller," which is described as scarcely worthy of the author. In her comments on the political condition of France she quotes the sayings of three Frenchmen that are worth recording in view of what has followed since. One clear-sighted innkeeper said to the author, "It is no matter. Liberty, if we had it, we should not know how to use it!" Equally clear-sighted was a Parisian's remark: "It is not desirable for us to have a history," on which the author cannot help wondering what will be the story of the future—

what new events, what possible tragedies, may still be enacted there! A third sententious Gaul observes: "A republic is not improbable; but, even if established, it will not last long. Nothing with us now ever does last long. We are not men at all; we are mere children."

It is expected that Mr. Morris will have the fourth and concluding part of his poem, "The Earthly Paradise," ready before Christmas. A considerable portion of it is already in type. The titles of the six tales of which it will consist are: "The Golden Apples," "The Fostering of Aslang," "Bellerophon in Argos," "Bellerophon in Lycia," "The Ring given to Venus," and "The Hill of Venus." An epilogue will, of course, conclude the work, but it will not be a long one; nothing like the prologue in length.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* pronounces "Valerie Aylmer" "a genuine American story—story racy of the soil—the best novel of society yet produced on this side of the Atlantic." The *Courier-Journal* shows the sincerity of this praise by asking of the publishers permission to reprint the novel in its weekly issue, which circulates very widely in the South. The publishers have consented to this request.

"Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary," now publishing in numbers, has reached its twelfth part, nearly completing the letter D. This work is a dictionary of mythology as well as of biography, and is designed to contain the memoirs of the eminent persons of all ages and countries, and accounts of the various subjects of the Norse, Hindoo, and the classic mythologies.

The prior of the Benedictine Monastery at Belmont, near Hereford, England, is shortly going to publish a work, on which he has been engaged for some years, on "The Life and Times of St. Thomas Aquinas;" and another of the fathers at the same monastery has in the press a refutation, from the Catholic point of view, of the sacerdotal theory of orders in the Church of England.

One effect of the great alterations recently carried out in the old Parliament House at Edinburgh will be the increased accommodation afforded to the Advocates' Library. Shelving has been put up to contain twenty thousand volumes, and by this means, when fully taken advantage of, the library will have a total of two hundred and seventy thousand books.

The *Athenaeum* hears that there will appear shortly a series of twelve brief poems by Mr. Tennyson, which are connected by a love-story, and will be illustrated by as many designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes. The verses will be accompanied by music, the composition of Mr. Sullivan, and issued, in a handsome manner as a table-book of the first class, in square octavo.

The first and second volumes of Sir Henry Bulwer's "Life of Lord Palmerston" have been published in London. The *Saturday Review* declares that "Lord Palmerston is, above all his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, fortunate in his biographer."

Dr. von Vangerow, the celebrated professor of Roman law, died at Heidelberg, October 10th, after a long illness. His lectures, so well known to all who have ever studied at Heidelberg, attracted hearers from all parts of Germany.

Mr. J. S. Mill contradicts the report that he had left London for Avignon, "to insure the

safety of manuscripts and other valuable property." Mr. Mill says that he has not been in France since the declaration of war, and that he has neither intention nor need to take any such measures.

A letter from Dieppe says that Alexandre Dumas is dying near there, at a little village called Puye. His son and daughter are with him. The writer of the letter called on him, but he could see no one. He has had a paralytic stroke, and has fallen into second childhood.

A lectureship has just been founded in Oxford University for the purpose of encouraging Slavonic studies, and Mr. W. R. Morfill, of Oriel, has been appointed lecturer.

The Marquis de Beauvoir has published an account of his voyage round the world with the Orleanist princes, and Murray, of London, announces a translation of the book.

It is announced that in Rome a commission has been appointed for the preservation of the libraries and museums of the Eternal City.

Galignani has ceased to appear, from want of paper, and the composers have joined the Foreign Legion on the side of France.

Mr. Macready is about to publish a volume of his reminiscences of Dickens.

War Notes.

Trochu's Letter.

A LETTER written by General Trochu on the present state of affairs in France has recently been published.

He commences by contrasting the feeling at present animating the population of Paris with that which existed at the time when, after the great defeat of the Army of the Rhine, he was first called upon to take command of the city. Doubts disturbed the minds of many as to the possibility of the fortifications, constructed many years ago, under different conditions of military science, being able without the aid of an external army to withstand a siege. Others, again, feared that the population of the luxurious city would be unable to endure the privations which a state of siege would necessitate, and that the military leaders would prove too apt to yield to the pressure of the civil population. Up to the present time these doubts have proved groundless, and the temper of the people has consequently changed: a warlike spirit animates them, and General Trochu's task now lies, not in encouraging, but in keeping under proper restraint, their military aspirations. He consequently points out that he, as commander-in-chief, must alone direct their enthusiasm, and that in doing so he must be guided by the general experience of war and by the special lessons taught by the disasters of the Army of the Rhine. He says distinctly "that no infantry, however steady it may be, can be brought face to face with the Prussian army, unless it can be accompanied by an artillery equal to that which the enemy has at his disposal;" and he adds that troops in the open must be armed with rapidly-firing rifles. To provide these two requisites, all his energies are now directed; and to check the impetuosity which would impel half-drilled and badly-armed troops against the trained and well-equipped soldiers of Germany is one of his hardest tasks. In the concluding paragraph of his letter, General Trochu distinctly says that, in the presence of the feeling which has taken possession of the public mind, he

meets with difficulties which present a most striking analogy with those which showed themselves in the past; but he adds that he will not cede to the pressure of the public impatience. He states his belief in eventual success, but shows that this success must not be imperilled by the impetuosity too common to the French nation, and which in his able pamphlet he showed was a rock on which the French army would too probably split.

The remainder of General Trochu's letter contains directions for the organization of the forces which the provinces are now endeavoring to raise. In these directions he shows a predilection for large companies and small battalions, somewhat in accordance with the Prussian system; and, in contradistinction to the principles which he laid down in his celebrated pamphlet on the age of soldiers for the regular army, he evinces a preference for men of thirty-five years of age, previously exercised in arms, over the younger recruits, whom, when time admits of training, he would choose for the troops of the line. He supplements these directions by a few simple regulations on the dress and equipment of the national soldiers, directing that each man should be provided with a uniform, a knapsack, a pouch, and a water-proof covering, together with the necessary cooking-kettles for the field.

Such, taken generally, is the substance of General Trochu's letter; and, notwithstanding its hopeful expressions, there is much in it which will raise doubts as to the ultimate successful defence of Paris. The poorer population of that city have not yet been tried by the real misery attending a siege. Food is, or was when the letter was written, sufficient, and the horrors of a bombardment have not been added to the hardships of an investment. Will the citizen-soldiers endure without finching the weariness and monotony of a purely defensive attitude? and, if they have sufficient firmness to do so, can a garrison hold a fortified town for any length of time without having recourse to frequent sorties? If such sorties be contemplated, it will be a question whether, with all his energy, General Trochu will be able to place in the field sufficient artillery, or to manufacture rifles in numbers corresponding with the men he is training to use them. To extemporize field-artillery competent to encounter the Prussian guns is a task which will tax the energies of the best organizers; to form from a peaceful population an army fit to combat the tried troops of Germany will demand a mixture of firmness, tact, and energy, which, should he succeed, will place General Trochu in the first rank among military men. His letter shows the difficulties attending his command. At one time he is called upon to prevent despondency, and then the equally difficult task awaits him of keeping within bounds the effervescent enthusiasm of men who, without knowing the duties of soldiers, desire to hazard their most difficult enterprises.

Forewarned in vain.

Among the papers found at the Tuilleries is a letter under date of Strasbourg, October 28, 1868, from General Ducrot to General Froissard, the governor of the prince imperial, in which the former explains in a very striking manner to the advisers of the emperor what were the views entertained at the time in Prussia toward France. He said he had just seen the Countess de Pourtalès, who had returned from Berlin. She had always been an enthusiastic admirer of Count Bismarck, King William, and the Prussians generally, and had maintained that no motive could exist for a war between France and Prussia—countries made to understand and

love each other. She had found reasons to change her opinion. She said she returned from Berlin sick at heart, that war was inevitable, and that it could not fail to break out shortly; that the Prussians found themselves so well prepared and so ably directed that they would be sure of success. The general says he replied that the countess was sounding an alarm of war at a time when nothing was spoken of but peace and the desire of Bismarck to avoid all pretext of quarrel. "Why," he added, "they are talking of reducing the army, and that to such an extent that I am making ready to retire and plant cabbages in Nivernois." What follows is the general's report of her answer. "Oh, general!" she exclaimed, "it is frightful. These people deceive us shamefully, and count on surprising us unarmed. . . . Yes, the watchword has been given. In public they speak of peace, of the desire of living on good terms with us, but when in private one converses with the persons who surround the king they put on a cunning look, and ask, 'Do you believe all that you hear? Do you not see that great events are rapidly succeeding each other, and that henceforth nothing can avert the crisis?' They shamefully ridicule our government, our army, our Garde Mobile, our ministers, the emperor, the empress, and assert that before long France will be another Spain. Last of all, would you believe it, M. de Schleinitz, minister of the royal household, ventured to tell me that in a year and a half our province of Alsace would belong to Prussia! You do not know what enormous preparations they are making on all sides, with what ardor they are wishing to transform and fuse together the armies of the states recently annexed, what confidence prevails among all ranks of society and in the army. Oh, general, I come home full of trouble and fear. I am broken-hearted. Yes, I am certain of it now, nothing can protect us from war, and what a war!"

The Prussian Queen.

Queen Augusta is known by her most intimate associates to be a most ambitious woman. She is not wanting in any element of true womanhood. Her devotion as a wife and mother is appreciated by her family, while her deeds of kindness and charity render her deservedly beloved and popular. But with these more sterling home qualities she combines a large knowledge of men and politics, and takes a deep interest in all that relates to literature and art. Her majesty is a daughter of the famous duke who was the munificent friend and patron of Goethe, and in her youth she came much in contact with the illustrious author; and her character, in no slight degree, was influenced if not modelled by him. With these antecedents and qualifications, she could hardly fail to take a deep interest in the great events of which her court has been for so many years the centre.

In taste, cultivation, and intellect, she is vastly superior to her husband, who is simply a large, bluff, honest, hearty, self-willed, and somewhat dull gentleman. The queen has too much good sense to ever obtrude in state affairs. But there can be no doubt that her quiet, unseen influence has frequently turned the scale in favor of Bismarck's large-brained policy, when the obstinate, timid king was inclined to hold back.

Paris isolated.

Paris is isolated from the world, and the "capital of pleasure" has really entered on one of those "allotropic" states—as the chemists call a condition in which any substance ceases to be known by its qualities, which are not

indeed quite new to the city, but are certainly absolutely new to all men in it under sixty years of age. In this city of kings and emperors, the great imperial palace, the Tuileries, is prepared for the wounded, and fully provided with ambulances to bring them from the walls, while the great suburban palace is the headquarters of the commander whose guns are to fill the Tuileries with tortured and dying men. The pictures in the Louvre are packed away in cellars. The *savants* are idly "protesting" against the destruction of the libraries and collections, as if the Prussian shells could help destroying scientific collections if the latter come in their way. The inhabitants of Paris, instead of buying and selling, hearing and making talk, sunning themselves in the Champs Elysées, laughing in their theatres, chatting in their cafés, feeling themselves at the junction of all the political wires of France and well nigh of the universe, hearing before all the rest of the world what the world thinks most important, receiving accounts from hour to hour of what all the rest of the world thinks of the doings of the Parisians—are occupied heart and soul with one engrossing subject, the signs of force given by the beleaguering Prussians, the signs of weakness or of strength, of irresolution or resolution, given by the great, raw garrison of Paris.

Carlyle's Views.

The *Weimar Gazette* publishes some extracts from a letter written by Thomas Carlyle, in which he says: "So far as my reading goes, never was such a war, never such a collapse of shameless human vanity, of menacing, long-continued arrogance, into contemptible nothingness. Blow has followed blow as if from the hammer of Thor, till it lies like a shapeless heap of ruins, whining to itself, 'In the name of all the gods and all the devils, what is to become of us?' . . . All Germany may now look forward to happier days in a political sense than it has seen since the Emperor Barbarossa left it. My individual satisfaction in all this is great, and all England, I can say all the intelligent in England, heartily wish good fortune to brave old Germany in what it has accomplished—a real transformation into one nation, no longer the chaotic jumble which invited the intrusion of every ill-disposed neighbor, especially of that ill-disposed France which has inflicted on it such interminable mischief during the last four hundred years—war sheaped upon wars without real cause, except insatiable French ambition. All that, through God's grace, is now at an end. I have, in my time, seen nothing in Europe which has so much delighted me. 'A brave people,' as your Goethe calls them, and, as I believe, a peaceful and a virtuous one, I only hope that Heaven will send them the wisdom, patience, and pious discretion, to turn to a right use all that has been achieved."

The German Cavalry.

At Pont-à-Mousson I felt myself in a conquered country. This small, pretty town is thoroughly French, but I heard more German than French spoken. I lodged opposite the Hôtel de Ville, and over that is written in German, "Not unto us, but unto Thee, O God, be all the glory!" A great clattering of horses' hoofs resounds through the streets, and a beautiful German hymn, sung by five hundred manly voices, marks the passage of a squadron of landwehr cavalry. They are mounted on stout, serviceable horses, fully equal to those of any English cavalry regiment; their uniform is white, or what was white, and a bright steel helmet covers the head. These are veritable Ironsides, called out as the last reserve—

respectable, God-fearing men, to whom the word "fatherland" means a great deal, for they are for the most part fathers of families and well-to-do yeomen; and such men are pouring into France by hundreds of thousands, each fully alive to the political question, and determined to settle it themselves, for at least their day and generation, by their own lances and broadswords. Another squadron follows, but of so different a sort that you might suppose it belonged to another country in alliance with Prussia. These are hussars, with crimson uniforms—light, active men, mounted on wiry light horses full of blood, and officered by the most dashing young dandies of the country. But what are those half-dozen horsemen forming an escort to a wagon? They are apparently Poles; they wear the square Polish cap, and carry the lance with pennon. These are, however, the famous uhlands, so world-renowned, whose fame has caused, I am told, no little jealousy among the rest of the cavalry, for hussars and other corps have performed daring and adventurous deeds, and the French have invariably described them as "audacious uhlands."

The Imperial Correspondence.

The letters and documents which have been found in the Tuileries, and published with so much delight by the successors in power of the emperor, are curious and amusing; but there are few persons at all acquainted with the history of France and Paris under the second empire who will find any thing unexpected in them. The imperial system is revealed now as having been what, without such revelations, it was perfectly well known to be. It was a system which worked, through bad agents, in a very bad way; but it pleased the great bulk of Frenchmen, brought them much material prosperity, and a considerable amount of respect in Europe, and, as long as it lasted, not one Frenchman in a hundred would have thought the worse of it if he could have read through every document that has now been published. It is a good thing for France and the world that such a system has come to an end, especially if any thing better succeeds it. But its vices were known, tolerated, and even approved of, by France for years. Espionage, prodigality, police despotism, ostentatious immorality, and complex diplomatic intrigues, were parts of a system the basis of which lay in an adventurer managing the affairs of a nation on a splendid scale as long as he could make things go on at all.

Food for France.

How to find bread for 1871 is now a question of the highest importance in France. Various suggestions on this point are made by several French journals. It is proposed that the land should be occupied by crops of the first utility, such as wheat, oats, potatoes, beans, etc., setting aside for the present all produce of secondary importance as food. In the south, tobacco and the mulberry occupy a great part of the soil. These should be given up for this year, and the ground sown with wheat. Many of the proprietors of mulberries in the valley of the Rhone have been intending to remove the trees which have been unproductive for the last ten years. They might now cut them down, and sow corn in the vacant spaces. It will not be possible to get enough ploughing done, but repeated harrowing would supply the want of this, and the place of ordinary manure, which cannot be obtained, should be taken by manufactured compounds. Above all, the system of allowing land to lie fallow must be suspended for this year.

Chassepot-Wounds.

The Chassepot-ball is not so crushing and destructive a missile as the old spherical ball, nor yet as the Minié. A great number have passed through limbs without breaking the bones, and an unusual number have passed through the chest without death ensuing. A soldier was struck just over the region of the heart, and the ball came out a little on the left of the spine. He coughed and spat blood for some days, and suffered as much as one might under an attack of feverish cold; but he was soon well again. Surgically speaking, he ought to have died. Another fine fellow, rapidly recovering, has ten holes in his body. He too has been shot through the chest, and, besides this usually fatal wound, he has been hit four times in the legs; fortunately, no bone was broken. It is supposed he came under the fire of a mitrailleuse. Fragments of shell are the most horrible instruments of death. There was one poor fellow who had lived ten days, but was gradually sinking, who had all the flesh torn from the lower part of his back.

French Demoralization.

The most serious consideration urged against the Second Empire is, that it has demoralized France; and the accusation is quite true. But then it must be remembered that France has always been demoralized. Louis XIV. and old feudalism demoralized France; under the Revolution, because it destroyed but did not create, France was submitted to another stage of demoralization; the First Empire most fatally demoralized France; so did the Restoration; so did the Citizen King and M. Guizot; and we have yet to learn the services to political and national morality rendered by Ledru-Rollin and his colleagues of the Revolution of 1848. What Louis Napoleon did was to accept French demoralization and turn it to his own purposes, and to increase it; to add one sort of demoralization to another, and to turn the existing situation to his own purpose.

The French Peasant.

The peasant lives in a state of isolation, which the nature of his task imposes upon him, and which has become habitual, almost agreeable, to him. He goes through his day's work silent and alone. If he has a companion by his side he seldom experiences the need of interesting him in his thoughts. Meal-time comes; he still eats in silence. In the evening, on his return home, he sits down weary and harassed in the chimney-corner. Is he dumb, or does he avoid, as useless fatigue, the trouble of translating his thoughts into words? What does he think of during these long hours? what subjects can occupy him? In such a condition there is but one: the comparison of the fate he endures with that of the happy rich. Thus passes middle age. Old age, afflicted and ill-cared for, follows, carrying its bitter lamentations from door to door, and repeating to those who labor, "This is what you will be one day."

A profitable traffic is done by the inhabitants of Givonne and Bouillon. Large consignments of worthless old arms are sent to them, which are disposed of to tourists as trophies of the battle of Sedan. The story is told of an Englishman who bought a flint-lock pistol to take it home, as he said, as a proof of the carelessness of the French administration, which in 1870 still used the arms of the First Empire.

When Napoleon was sitting at a window inditing his letter of surrender to the King of Prussia, a shell struck the wall just outside, and burst only a few feet from his chair.

Miscellany.

High-heeled Boots.

AN English journal says: "One of the most detestable, injurious, and generally abominable fashions now in vogue among ladies is unquestionably the wearing of high-heeled boots. The consequences necessarily resulting from a constant using of boots made on such a principle are of the gravest and most serious description. The representative Briton's foot is deformed sufficiently in numerous other ways; to see a foot nowadays properly formed, and retaining to adolescence its original and natural shape, is to see the rarest of curiosities; and, this being an incontrovertible truth, it will easily be conceived that we ought not systematically to set ourselves to work to distort our feet by any means more adventitious than can be helped, or by the wearing of that which can be most beneficially and comfortably dispensed with. Yet this is precisely what fashionable ladies have been and are doing. Nothing but boots with the highest possible heels, and the greatest possible contractions elsewhere, can be worn by those of the female sex who consider themselves and wish to be considered fashionable; nothing could hardly be more deleterious in every respect. Of course a graceful carriage and walk are rendered totally impossible; the execrable assumption of the peculiar 'bend,' classically called the 'Grecian,' becomes no longer an assumption, but a necessity; and no small amount of personal discomfort and pain is inevitably caused to the probably fair, but certainly mistaken, wearers of these shockingly-made boots. The shape of the foot is soon destroyed, and the improper and unnatural elevation of the heel, of necessity, causes the other parts of the foot—for instance, the instep, the arch (to avoid technicalities), and the approaches to the toes—to suffer great distortion, and diminishes their natural strength and working powers. And the mischief does not stop here. Those bones of the feet which act conjunctively with the higher parts of the leg, which run up to the calf, etc., must also suffer; and it would be well if the votaries of these high-heeled boots would bear in remembrance that, while they are priding the selves on the graceful attitude in which they are launched into the air, they are also wearing away and destroying that elegant contour of ankle, that incomparably-rounded gracefulness of calf, which properly they ought not to prize, nor can prize, too highly. And the mischief does not stop even here. Their whole figure, their complete *tout-ensemble* of appearance, is to a greater or lesser extent marred, spoiled, and obliterated."

The Cockatrice.

The word cockatrice confessedly denotes an imaginary animal; but the cockatrice of the Bible is a very different thing from the fabulous creature of which we read in legends and heraldic books. It is confessedly a misfortune that our translators of the Scriptures have several times put the names of fictitious beings where the sacred writers speak of real ones. But these errors are due to the slender knowledge of natural history which was current when our version of the Bible was made. The fabulous cockatrice is an imaginary flying reptile, the offspring of a cock and a serpent, and supposed in its shape to combine the two. For its actual representation we must refer to books of heraldry. It was fancied to have the power of killing by means of its breath, or even by its glance; hence we read in Shakespeare of "the

death-darting eye of cockatrice." With regard to the animals a few times called "cockatrice" in our Bibles, a few hints may be useful. In the first place, two Hebrew words are thus rendered, and therefore two species of serpents may be meant—for, that serpents are meant, is undoubted. There is the word *teiphoni*, out of which, it is very likely, the Greek mythologists concocted the monsters Typhon and Tiaiphone. This occurs in Isa. xi. 8, lix. 5; Jer. viii. 17, as "cockatrice," whereas it is translated "adder" in Prov. xxiii. 32. In the last-mentioned passage "cockatrice" is put into the margin; whereas, in Isa. lix. 5, the exact contrary occurs—"adder" in the margin and "cockatrice" in the text. The older English version, known as the Breeches Bible, also has the word cockatrice wherever it appears in our authorized translation. The second word rendered "cockatrice," is *tespha*, a shorter form of the other, as in Isa. xiv. 29. That serpents are meant, we have said is undoubted; the only question being what species. Dr. Tristram, in his useful "Natural History of the Bible," suggests that the great yellow viper is indicated, but others that it is the sand-viper, the cobra di capello, etc. The contexts show that the serpents were venomous, and the Hebrew names convey the idea that they were serpents which hissed; but how to identify them with any particular species, is a problem which has not yet been certainly solved. The one point about which there is no uncertainty is, that the cockatrice of the Bible was not a fabulous animal.

Robert Burns.

A writer in *Belgravia*, a London magazine, describing the loves of Robert Burns, gives a somewhat startling sketch of the "blemishes," as he calls them, in the character of the Scottish poet, whom he describes as "not merely a freethinker, but an aggressive freethinker of the vulgar Tom-Paine school; one that indulged in coarse and shallow jest at the common principles of religion—who indulged in that cheapest and easiest of all forms of humor, burlesquing the Scriptures; a man who, as he walked through life, left his path behind strewn with abandoned maids, and the unlucky burdens, results of that folly; a man who was a drunkard, and whose chief enjoyment was found in debauchery; who revelled in pot-house joviality; and who, finally, with a wife and large family dependent on him, hurried himself by his excesses at an early age from the world."

Cannon-Powder.

Gunpowder was at first always placed in the guns loose, by means of long ladles; and, in spite of the inconvenience and danger of the practice, it was three hundred years before any attempt was made to place it in cartridges. These were at first only used when rapid firing was necessary, and their employment did not become general, owing to the danger in serving the guns with them. Being made of parchment, paper, canvas, or linen, they were more or less incombustible, and left burning fragments in the bore, which had to be carefully removed before a fresh charge was put in. The vents of the gun were frequently choked, and the pieces rendered unserviceable by fragments of the cartridge-bag being forced into them. It was not till 1773 that Sir C. Douglas, then captain of H. M. S. Duke, suggested serge as a proper material for cartridges; and, when his proposals were not treated with the attention they merited, he placed the whole ammunition of his ship in proper cartridges at his own expense. To this and other improvements which this patriotic officer made for facilitating the service of his guns, may be attributed the

quick and efficient firing of the Duke, then commanded by Captain (afterward Lord) Gardner, in Rodney's great victory four years later, which contributed in a marked degree to the success of the day. The advantages of serge as a material for cartridges, the principal of which is its total consumption by the flame of the powder, are so great, that its use soon became universal.

To an Absent One.

Far, far away from me, down by the sea,
Yet dearer, ay, nearer art thou to me.
Between us lie city and village and tower,
Great wealth and great work and great homes
of power.
There are wide, green meads, there are rustling
trees,
Broad corn-fields, kissed by the passing breeze,
And league upon league of the restless tide—
But, for all that, for all that, I am still by thy
side!
See I not, with thee, the sea-bird fling
Back the sun's ray from his burnished wing!
Do I not mark thy footprints in the sand,
And the wave-worn shell in thine own white
hand,
And hear thee marvel at the wealth untold
Of wondrous life that the sea doth hold?
Am I not with thee, where daisies spread
Bending, not broken, beneath thy tread?
Listen! thou hearest, and so do I,
The carolling lark in the sunlit sky!
I can see thee stoop to the way-side flower,
I follow thy gaze to yon distant tower,
Where the semi-wild Cymric chief of old
Was slain by the Norman baron bold.
I see thee—more, I hear thee speak,
I press thy hand, I kiss thy cheek.
'Tis my hand as thy hand, and ever must be
Till Time shall merge in Eternity.

Did kingdoms divide them, were broad seas to
roll

As widely between them as pole is from pole,
No time can estrange them, no force can them
part,

No distance can sever true heart from true
heart!

By sea-side, by valley, by river, by rill,
By morning, by noon tide, by evening, still,
Forever and always, it seemeth to me,
My spirit is holding communion with thee!

Noted New-Englanders.

Mr. Macrae, a recent Scotch traveller in America, describes Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," as "a plain, little, dapper man; his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong, under lip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness." On the other hand, Professor Louis Agassiz is "big, massive, genial-looking; the rich, healthy color on his broad face still telling of the Old World from which he came—a man who, but for his dark, keen eyes, would look more like a jovial English squire than a devotee of science." Of quite another build is the gaunt, long-limbed Emerson, the great transcendentalist of Concord. "He has the queerest New-England face, with thin features, prominent hatchet-nose, and a smile of childlike sweetness and simplicity arching the face, and drawing deep curves down the cheek."

The Arabian Nights.

The origin of the "Arabian Nights" is disputed. That some of the most fanciful and enchanting tales in the collection are derived from an Indian source appears undeniable; although notions and images suited to the sphere

of ideas of a Mohammedan and an inhabitant of Western Asia have been substituted for every allusion to polytheism and Hindoo institutions. In Europe the "Arabian Nights" made their way at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners, which comes home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. With all their faults, there is a trace of early patriarchal religion in these immortal tales. The presiding care of a beneficent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat as an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil; and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of those stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted.

The Sea at Night.

In every hour how glorious is the sea!
Glorious at daybreak, when the sunbeams glance
On crests of foam that, with the blue expanse,
Strangely contrast in their white brilliancy.
Glorious at noonday, when they cease their dance,
And when the myriad ripples seem to be
Thick strown with stars that gleam incessantly,
And glorious still at evening's meek advance.
But most the sea is glorious in the night,
When the cold moon looks colder in the deep,
And half in shade and half in fitful light
Lies the vast world of waters, as in sleep;
To me sublimer that symbolic form
Of power reposing than the fiercest storm.

Varieties.

A BARREL of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds, a barrel of pork two hundred pounds, a barrel of rice six hundred pounds, a keg of powder twenty-five pounds, a firkin of butter fifty-six pounds, a tub of butter eighty-four pounds. The following are sold by weight per bushel: wheat, beans, and clover-seed, sixty pounds; corn, rye, and flax-seed, fifty-five pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; barley, forty-eight pounds; coarse salt, eighty-five pounds.

The census-takers in some portions of the West have as funny experiences as those in the large cities in this section. One has discovered a lady in Indiana who is happy and contented in the name of Jane Juliette Isalina Araminta Musadora Pecka; and in Ohio a family has been found where the first son is named Imprimis, the second Finis, and the three others Appendix, Addendum, and Erratum!

Another illustration of the unwisdom of leaving money by will to charitable and literary institutions, and restricting the use of it to special purposes, has been afforded by a recent bequest to Amherst College of the sum of forty thousand dollars, with which to build a new chapel, which the college does not need, while it is in straits for a new library building, which it has not the money to pay for.

At a recent political convention, a gentleman declined a nomination on the ground that he had not lived in the state long enough. "Oh, never mind that," said the chairman, "you will have lived quite long enough by the time you are elected." The nominee was completely overcome.

A modern writer says: "I have grave doubts of Mrs. Siddons. She was a goddess of the age of fret and fume, of stalk and strut, of thrilled E's and of nodding plumes. If we had Siddons now, I fear we should hiss; I am quite

sure we should yawn. She must have been Melpomene always—Nature never."

A brief market report: Pens, ink, and paper, are stationary; new milk is unchanged; brogans are heavy, but dealers generally are firm; wheat is a grain better than oats; wines and liquors generally have a downward tendency; yeast-cakes are rising.

The German Aid Society of England, presided over by Queen Victoria, has so far collected more than thirteen hundred thousand dollars in gold for the German wounded. Copenhagen has sent thirty thousand dollars to France.

The statue of Napoleon I., in the cocked hat and great-coat, which used to be on the top of the column of the Place Vendôme, and which was removed a few years ago to a pedestal at the end of the Avenue de la grande Armée, has been concealed to preserve it.

Out of the twenty-eight portraits of the Governors of the State of Connecticut in the Senate-chamber at Hartford, only two are represented as wearing the mustache—John Winthrop and Joseph R. Hawley—their terms of office being separated by an interval of more than two hundred years.

Paris consumed during the month of May last, 332,885 hectolitres of wine, 10,059 hectolitres of spirits, 4,921 hectolitres of cider, and 44,885 of beer. The hectolitre is twenty-six and one half gallons wine measure, nearly.

Davy Crockett once graphically described the condition of a party of friends after a political jollification, who were so tipsy that neither of them could hit the ground with his hat three times throwing.

Paris has always had the reputation of being the gayest city in the world, but the number of balls there at the present time surpasses any thing in its previous experience.

The neat thing in dog-robes this season is to have the family monogram in gilt upon the blanket. A dog without a monogram blanket is of no account.

Should the Prussians ever succeed in entering Paris, it is hardly possible that they can be well received by the citizens, whether they find Favre there or not.

The latest dodge in face-painting is to paint the corners of the eyes with a dark-blue line, which gives them a very beautiful and soft expression.

Sawdust-pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

The first coin made in the Philadelphia mint was the copper cent, in 1793. The first silver dollar was made in 1793, and the first gold eagle in 1795.

Woman is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Every man should have a copy.

Some idea of the scarcity of carriages in Eastern Asia may be formed from the statement that there is but one Cochinchina.

The London *Lancet*, the highest medical authority, announces that it thoroughly believes in the use of tobacco.

Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

A man in Illinois was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

A Java grandee is coming to this country with eighty children, and desires to secure board in some quiet family.

Since Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, every other throne in Europe, from the least to the greatest, has changed occupants.

Chromo-printing is said to have been practiced in China one thousand years ago.

Joan of Arc was nineteen years old when she took command of the French army.

A Washington lady has two thousand calls unreturned last season on her conscience.

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill crow of the chandlier.

The Museum.

OUR last geological paper completed the period of what is known as the Secondary epoch. The tertiary epoch is subdivided into three periods—the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene. The etymology of these names is derived, Eocene, from the Greek *tes, dawn*, and *xeois, recent*; Miocene, from *miis, less*, *xeois, recent*; and Pliocene, from *pliois, more*, *xeois, recent*: by which it is simply meant to express, that each of these periods contains a minor or greater proportion of recent species (of Testacea); or is more or less remote from the dawn of life and from the present time. During the Primary period crustaceans and fishes predominated in the animal kingdom; in the Secondary epoch the earth was assigned to reptiles; but during the Tertiary epoch the mammals were kings of the earth. This period is remarkable for the prodigious increase of animal life. It seems then to have attained its fullest extension. The atmosphere, freed from the veil of vapor which had hitherto pervaded it, now permits animals of the most delicate pulmonary organs to live and multiply. Hence, birds increase in number, among them both songsters and birds of prey; and many animals appear resembling our present domestic varieties. This epoch was also the period of flowers. The surface of the earth was embellished with blossoms and enriched with fruits, and in the woods flourished numerous flowering trees. Abundant rains fell and gave birth to important rivers; but, at the end of this period, the continents and seas took their respective places as we now see them, and the surface of the earth received its present form. Our ideal landscape is of the Eocene, the first of the subdivisions of the Tertiary epoch. Its vegetation is a mixture of a few extinct species with others belonging to the present time, such as alders, witch-elms, and cypresses. We see on the right a great bird, a condor, the *Tantalus*, occupying the projecting part of a rock. The turtle (*Trionyx*) floats on the river, in the midst of aquatic plants, which, at this period, were extremely abundant. A herd of *Palaotheria*, *Anoplotheria*, and *Xiphodon*, peacefully browse the grass of the wild meadows of this tranquil oasis. Restorations of these animals were made by the researches and studies of Cuvier, from fossils found principally in the plaster-quarries near Paris. They are grouped under one general term of *Pachyderms*, a Greek word, meaning thick skin. In the centre of our illustration, the reader will see a group of the *Palaotheria*. This creature varied greatly in size, some being nearly as large as a rhinoceros, others no bigger than a hog. The *Palaotherium* resembled the tapir; the nose terminating in a muscular, fleshy trunk, or, rather, snout; the eye small, the head large; the body squat, thick, and short, the legs short and very stout. The group to the left of these animals, in the engraving, is the *Anoplotheria*. The *Anoplotherium* was about the size of the ass, its head small, and was distinguished by a tail of extraordinary length. It was in the habit, it is supposed, of swimming and diving, in search

of roots and succulent aquatic plants. The Xiphodon, to the extreme left of the picture, was about the size of the chamois, but lighter in form, and with a smaller head. The gypsum of the environs of Paris contains the fossils of

other pachyderms: but these remains are so imperfect, that little can be advanced with certainty as to their organization. The absence of carnivora permitted the rapid increase of these peaceful denizens of the woods and plains;

but they were doomed soon to encounter ferocious beasts of prey. Among the reptiles of this period is the crocodile, and a turtle called the trionyx, of which there is a fine specimen in the Museum of Natural History, Paris.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Eocene Period.

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